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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



[A NIMBLE HANDMAIDEN.]

THYRA DESMOND;

OR,

THE MAIDEN OF THE LAKE.

## CHAPTER XII.

I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought  
And with old woes new wailing dear time's waste,  
And weep afresh love's long since cancelled woe  
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight.  
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone  
And wearily from woe to woe tell o'er  
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan.

LADY BEATRIX CLARE drew back instantly under the shade of one of the old gateways that abound in the semi-foreign built city of Galway, and strained her ears to catch the faintest words which might escape the lips of the inscrutable cousin, whom she hastily pronounced, in the depths of her passionate spirit, to be at once heartless and false.

She could scarcely catch even a glimpse of the pair who thus excited her indignation and curiosity from her hiding-place, but the impression made upon her by the passing but keen survey she had taken of Gaston's companion was too burnt, as it were, in her brain to need the supplement of a more deliberate and torturing examination. That the girl with whom Gaston was talking had numbered even fewer summers than herself and that the refined loveliness of her sweet face had a most winning charm was out too obvious to the heiress cousin of Lord Ashworth. But still a mingling of haughty contempt or a low-born and unscrupulous rival sustained the girl's spirit in the midst of the wounding and humiliating jealousy that fevered her.

"I scarcely had hoped to see you here, so far from your secluded home," Gaston was saying when Lady Beatrice began to exercise her unsuspected espionage. It is, I suppose, a proof that your—may I say our—patient is quite convalescent."

"Mr. Vespi is much better, nearly well," said the girl addressed, in a voice that seemed most

dangerously sweet to Beatrice Clare's jealous ear. "He left us two days since."

"Ah! then I was not altogether in error," returned Gaston, gaily. "I thought you could not be so untrue to yourself as to desert those in need. And your father is, I hope, well?" he added, questioning, though perhaps the inquiry was not altogether as much prompted by anxiety for Mr. Desmond's health as by some latent curiosity to ascertain the probable proximity of an escort of his fair companion in this distant expedition from her home.

"Yes, he is well. I am waiting for him here. I expect him to join me every moment," returned the girl, falteringly. "He has only gone to finish some business in the next street."

Would he encounter this father, a reference to whom appeared to create some tremor in the fair young girl? Or would he betray the clandestine nature of their interview by retiring at once from the scene?

Her doubts were soon set at rest.

"Then I will remain a few minutes, Miss Desmond. I should like just to make my peace with your father for the unceremonious manner in which I took his castle by storm. I should indeed be sorry to leave an unfavourable idea of me at the peaceful Lake Cottage," he added, more softly.

And Beatrice figured to herself that some special look or gesture supplied a more personal application of the words to the young girl he addressed.

The hands literally clenched with the angry bitterness of feeling that was alternately crimsoning and paling her cheeks. And it might have been doubtful how long her self-control would have restrained her under such irritation from breaking in on the colloquy but that the sound of carriage wheels suddenly reminded her of her aunt's summons; and, hastily gliding back from her hiding-place to the jeweller's she had quitted, a few moments more served to place her in the carriage which Lady Kathleen already tenanted.

"My love, I could not at all understand your movements," said the old lady, as her niece threw herself in her corner of the cushion. "You must

have been a long time at your purchases. I understood you were coming to join me at the bank, so I waited again for you a second time."

"Yes, I suppose I was a good while, aunt," returned Beatrice, in a constrained tone. "And, after I had chosen what I wanted, I rather changed my mind about it, which accounts for my second detention."

"Oh, it did not signify, my dear," returned Lady Kathleen, indulgently. "And in fact I was almost as unfortunate as yourself. I had to wait some minutes, because the manager was busily engaged in some long affair with a gentleman, and, in fact, if it had not been for the stranger's courtesy on seeing me distressed by the delay, and waiving his own claims I should have been some time longer."

"Indeed! And what might he be like, this polite stranger, aunt?" inquired Beatrice, with an apparent interest to which Lady Kathleen was little accustomed from her niece.

"Oh, a rather peculiar, but high-bred looking man," observed the aunt, reflectively. "Yes, I believe I am no bad judge of 'raal old gintry' as our folks say, and I should certainly pronounce that this stranger betrayed both blood and breeding, though his dress was simple almost to shabbiness."

"So you left him there, I suppose," returned Beatrice, averting her head lest she might betray the emotion that was troubling her inmost heart even to her aunt's dimmed eyes.

"Really, niece, you are wonderfully sympathetic this morning," smiled the old lady. "It is plain that you are improving rapidly under love's sunshine, mignonne. Yes I did leave the considerate stranger in the bank, and, in good truth, I do not believe he liked the business on which they were engaged to be made public, so that, after all, I must not be too vain of the attention to the old woman."

Beatrice abstractedly returned the smile, but her thoughts were far away.

She figured to herself the continued dialogue between her cousin and that beautiful girl ere they were joined by this stranger, whom she at once decided to be the "father" alluded to by Gaston in his

Inquiries of the belle inconnue. "High-bred and distinguished," such was her aunt's marvellous praise of this unknown. And Beatrix knew but too well that the Lady Kathleen was at once discriminating and fastidious where such characteristics were concerned. There was little hope that the verdict was a mistaken one, or that the fair young stranger could have the strong drawback to such attractions which plebeian associations and habits would infallibly prove.

"Have you completed your business now, my love?" returned Lady Kathleen. "I should think that we have not too much time to return home and finish luncheon before your ride with your cousin."

Lady Beatrix coldly assented. It seemed to be of little importance where she was and what might be the consequences of her actions. Gaston had deceived her. Her dark, jealous nature cast a cloud over all that might to others have appeared of little importance to her peace. All that she felt was a morbid longing for solitude, that she might indulge unmolested her bitter fancies and consider the line of conduct she ought to pursue.

The drive home was fortunately but brief, or it might have attracted her aunt's attention that her wayward niece was abstracted regarding all outward ideas and objects as well as unusually silent, so far as she herself was in question.

But the old lady herself was somewhat exhausted by her unwonted exertions, and she thankfully retired to her own room for what rest she could obtain ere the luncheon hour. And Beatrix went to her own chamber, but not to rest. Her feverish tumult of her mind was far too violent for such repose.

She locked the door against any possible intrusion, and then, smothering the smallness of precious studs from her dress, she dashed it on the ground, in utter disregard of its intrinsic value or its destination.

It had been chosen for him—the ingrate, the false one—chosen in the freshness of her love and generous desire to lavish it on him who had elected to be the partner of her wealth and her life.

It was lucky that the case did not open in the hall, or the glistening contents would in all likelihood have been smashed beneath her little feet, as it stamped passionately in a kind of relief to the suffocatedness of the boiling spirit.

"False and mean, false and base!" were the indignant words that rose to her lips. Then, as she threw off her walking-dress in heated impatience of restraint, a locket that she wore, containing a portrait in miniature of Gaston Ashworth's face accidentally fell from her throat on her lap.

It was but an accident, it was but the involuntary pressure of a spring in the chain that suspended the trinket; but yet the girl accepted it as an omen that made her shudder in a cold tremor of perplexity for the future. The intellectual features seemed to reproach her for doubting their truth and honor, and yet more powerfully appealed to the love and devotion of her impulsive heart.

Poor Beatrix Clare.

It was, indeed, a pitiable spectacle to see that terrible struggle between imperious and ardent affection and the haughty exactions to which nature and education had alike trained her from her early childhood.

"Gaston, Gaston! If you did but return my love. If you did but respond to all the devotion I would lavish on you, what might be our happiness?" she murmured. "Why not?" she added, with a touch of pardonable pride. "Why should I not be loved?"

She gazed at herself in the large cheval-glass that occupied well nigh one side of the room, and examined its reflection with a keen and reflective eye.

"I am beautiful," she said, deliberately, glancing at her own image. "Yes, judged by my chief enemy, I could not doubt that every feature and every tint would decide the question in any court of love," she went on, bitterly. "Ay, and the very artists and masters of the art could not deny the perfections which they would see in my outline of face and form. And I have wealth—wealth, that which he needs, and which is so rarely united with rank and beauty. Yet he loves me not. I can see it, and feel it, and the very cadence of his voice was different to her—to the rival who has stolen his heart, and yet has nothing save that baby face. What shall I do? what shall I do?"

And Beatrix threw herself on a chair and buried her face in utter, hopeless agony of spirit.

Perhaps the quiet of all around brought calmer thoughts, or else the remembrance of the complete hopelessness and ruin that her cousin would thus bring on himself calmed, in a measure, the passionate spirit which flew over time and space and reality in crude imaginings.

"I am a idiot—worse still," she muttered.

"I am mourning and despairing as if I were some simple, penniless village maiden who was bereft of the sole lover that her inexperience could secure."

"I—an heiress—an earl's daughter—and a beauty—need scarce fear such a fate. But, alas! alas! I love but one, and I can but live for love or hate."

She went on in the same monotonous soliloquy, that told of unconscious speech, to reveal the inner thoughts.

Then she was silent, save in the expressive play of the working features that would have enlightened the most casual observer as to the various thoughts and plans and wishes that swept over her burning brain.

"Yes," she resumed, at length, "I will be worthy of my race; I will conquer or die in the strife. Gaston shall not profit by my impetuosity to free himself from a hated bond. Yes, yes, I will secure at once revenge and ambition, if I cannot win love and happiness. I, too, can learn to deceive, and smile and smile as if the heart within was not breaking in the strife. If Gaston Ashworth does not plead for, and win my heart, in all humility and faith, he shall not secure even a moiety of my wealth. He shall pine and languish with his barren title, and his false, wild nature. No! Sir Rosamond shall occupy the place that should have been mine without suffering the penalty. And it were glorious to subdue at once my own self and triumph over him and her," she went on. "I must think, I must think—ah, and master this rebellious heart of mine, that longs to pour itself out in reproaches and in threats that will not stand to scrutiny. No, it would but cast away the means that might well come to conquer in the fight."

She was roused from this deep reverie by a tap at the door.

"Luncheon is ready, if you please, my lady, and the earl and Lady Kathleen are waiting," said the voice of her French-bred maid, who boasted at once Spanish descent, like her mistress, and an Irish birth, which combined a singular mingling of qualities and ideas in the young Tessa's mind and thoughts.

Lady Beatrix hastily opened the door.

"I did not know you were there, Tessa. I thought you were at your dinner," she said, hurriedly. "I cast my hair smoothed and arranged after my drive, and I think these ribbons are a most unbecoming shade. Have you no others for this dress?" she added, impatiently.

The scoldette smiled furiously as she commended her duties. She well knew that there was but one moving cause for such fretful plaints, and rather sympathized with than blamed the Southern temperament which prompted her ladyship's words.

"The Lady Beatrix is right. Today she might be better for some change," she said, calmly. "I shall soon correct the mistake in her toilet."

And with rapid skill she twisted the rich raven tresses into a more negligée style round the well shaped head, and snatched from a neighbouring box some rich mystic green ribbons, that completely toned down and softened that sore abused cashmere robe which set off to perfection the brunette richness of complexion.

It did not occupy many minutes, that change of costume under Tessa's rapid fingers, and it would hardly have been noticed that any delay marked the young girl's response to the summons to the dining-apartment.

"You are punctual, I see, Gaston," she said glancing at a timepiece which would have been worthy of a far more gorgeous surrounding than the hired apartment could boast. "What unusual phenomenon may we expect from this exact obedience to rule?"

Gaston laughed uneasily.

"I scarcely know that my vagaries can be honoured by any such appreciation, Beatrix. But when there is no actual cause to the contrary, I quite hold that punctuality is a virtue, worthy even of kings, and I hope that I am not so utterly regardless of it as you suppose."

Beatrix laughed softly.

"Then you really had no attractions to detain you from me, Cousin Gaston, and therefore we are honoured by your presence," she said, playfully.

"Well, it is perhaps all we can expect, and I do fear it is terribly wearisome and annoying to you in this dull, quiet place. What say you to starting away to new scenes and wending our way back to Dublin, and thence to Corrigan Castle for the Christmas? Aunt Kathleen would play hostess, and I should like to become familiar with my maternal ancestors in their shadowy portraits and graves, though not in mere bodily presence."

Lord Ashworth had been busily dissecting a chicken as his cousin spoke, and the task had brought a flush to his brow when he at last dispensed the contents of the dish.

"Of course it would be a great honour to the old chateau, Beatrix," he said, meaningly; "but I

scarcely think it need shorten our stay near Lough Corrib. You have not seen many of the objects of interest around the neighbourhood, and there will be plenty of time to leave it in two or three weeks from now."

Beatrix shook her head negatively.

"No, I do not care to remain, Gaston; I have set my heart on being in Dublin on my birthday next month, or I should lose all my presents. Dear, dear! how old one must be getting when folks forget the day one was born; don't think it worth remembering," she added lightly. "See, Gaston, here is a trifling cadeau, to show I have not come to that crisis yet," and she extended the small case which had so narrowly escaped destruction a brief space before.

Gaston took it with a guilty dash.

It was embarrassing to be thus shamed by a touching remembrance like this; and he examined both the jewels and case with unusual minuteness as he spoke his thanks.

"They are exquisite taste, and the production of a provincial Galway jeweller, I see," he added, after some earnest expression of thanks. "Was it at your instance he obtained them, Beatrix, or was it native genius?" he asked, quietly.

"Oh, I must give the worthy jeweller all due and deserved merit," she replied. "It was in his stock when I implored its treasures this morning, and it was certainly impossible for him to have divined my wishes on the subject without a wit to help him."

"Perhaps there is enough witchcraft about you, Beatrix, ma belle," said the young earl, gravely. "Do you wear in the town, were you, ma cousine? You should have forwarded me of your intentions, that I might have secured you on your travels."

"Oh, no, that would never have occurred," returned Beatrix, gaily. "It would have placed a ban on your movements, Gaston; and yet there was, I daresay, sympathy in our aims. I was in quest of the beautiful, and you, I expect, were you."

Gaston's quick and unobtrusive glance at her well-controlled face would not have confirmed her assertions had she doubt lingered before; but her perfect composure, dignified and manner was more telling than her little knowledge of her ingenious nature.

"I cannot think more than I can command here at any moment, sweet cousin," he answered, recovering his usual impassioned composure. "But certainly if you had not lifted all doubt by this elegant assurance, I should have been the mystery you preserved as a small slight upon my gallantry, at the very least, if nothing more."

"Ah! That is the consequence of a guilty conscience, I fear," returned the girl, playfully. "If you had not carefully guarded secrets you would never imagine simple women could be capable of any. However, I am delighted you approve of my choice. The trinket will be near enough to your breast to prick conscience, if it needs a reminder," she added, gaily. "And now I will drop the discussion of my own little plans for the present. It is the most pleasant part of my day here, Gaston, and I almost begin to think I should not be driven to drown myself in the well, were we to enjoy our tête-à-tête as much at Castle—only it might lack the stimulus of uncertainty there," she added, significantly, as she rose from the table and passed lightly into the adjoining room.

Gaston remained for a few moments in thoughtful doubt, his eyes fixed on the beautiful cadence he had just received, and which certainly gave the key-note to his reflections.

"Can she have seen me and her?" he thought. "Is that the meaning of her vague hints? But I think she would scarcely have so carbed that exacting temper of hers if she had had one glimpse of Thyras Desmond's beautiful face. Bah! why should I care if it did so happen? Most assuredly I will not marry Beatrix Clare, to be in bondage to her jealous temper. And although I will not throw away the obvious and easy way of repairing fortune's unkindness, I will never be false enough to give my hand to one woman if I have permitted another to win my heart."

## CHAPTER XIII.

LADY BEATRIX CLARE would, perhaps, have found ample consolation for her jealous fears had she possessed the "second-sight" or the "ear" of the fairy tales during the hour that elapsed after the discovery of her cousin's supposed treacherous intercourse with the fair young Thyras.

The reclus of the Rock Cottage was habitually so stern in his rejections of all overtures from this kind, and so liable to fits of deeper gloom than usual on the slightest event which could annoy and fret his morbid nature, that his daughter was more and more surprised to witness the cold, short replies and the



forbidding looks which effectually checked Gaston in his attempt to mollify the displeasure he presumed had been excited by his resolute intrusion on the day of the boat accident.

"It is a matter of the past, sir; it will never occur again, I will guarantee. The truest apology or atonement you can offer will be to abstain from the subject and to allow me to bid you farewell," was Eric Desmond's stern, repelling, though not rude, response to the polished frankness of the young man's excuses.

There was certainly no more to be said, unless Gaston had been resolved to commit a breach of courtesy that was foreign to his nature.

And, with a lingering glance at Thyra's saddened face, and a respectful but somewhat haughty bow to the ungracious recluse, Lord Ashworth had obeyed the dismissal, and turned slowly and reluctantly from the spot where Mr. Desmond had joined his daughter some quarter of an hour or so after Beatrice Clare had quitted her hiding-place. And Gaston's mind was certainly even more effectually occupied by this remarkable behaviour on the part of Thyra Desmond's father than by Thyra Desmond herself.

In good truth the recluse had unconsciously taken the most sure method of fixing the image which he most earnestly desired to efface from the mind and heart of the stranger, whose very name was as yet a mystery to both father and daughter.

In a brief space from that parting farewell Mr. Desmond and his child were again on the calm waters of the lake, which scarcely seemed capable of the fearful squall that had caused such anxiety and trouble to its votaries.

Thyra's graceful figure was never more fully displayed than in her favourite exercise, and as she gracefully and easily wielded her light oars, even her father's eye could not but rest on the familiar form with melancholy admiration that had more pain than pleasure in its element.

"Poor child!" came at length from his lips, in a tone so soft and low that it touched the very quick his daughter's susceptible heart.

"Why poor, dear father?" she said, with a somewhat forced gaiety. "Do you think I look so very woe-begone that you bestow such an epithet on me? They say pity is akin to contempt, you know," she added, with a pretty grave shake of her head, "and I am afraid I am a great deal too proud for that."

Mr. Desmond sighed, rather like an irresistible relief to an overcharged heart than a mere sigh of sadness or surprise.

"Thank Heaven for that, in one sense at any rate," he said. "It may be a safeguard for you in many a danger, my darling, and there is more sorrow still in store for us. Thyra, have you strength to bear up against fresh adversity?"

Certainly the girl's face did pale and her heart stilled its throbbings at the ominous words, but her voice was firm and clear as she replied:

"Yes, dearest, best father, I will be as brave as you can figure to yourself would befit any heroine," she went on, with a wan smile. "Do not fear for me, I will be happy with you whatever may betide us."

Tears started in the sunken eyes of the recluse as he listened to the generous words of the child he had of late treated too harshly for so tender a flower growing in such rugged, ungenial soil.

"My heart's one, my only treasure," he said, proudly. "I do not deserve this at your hands. I have seemed imperious and harsh and unjust of late, but it has been deep love and anxiety for you that have mingled with the cantankerous sourness born of misfortune and injury. I dreamed for your peace and safety, my child, and have perhaps made you miserable in my very terror that others should destroy your happiness."

Thyra's cheeks crimsoned; she could not misunderstand her father's meaning even with her inexperience of life and mankind.

"You spoke of some news certainly, papa; tell me what it is—at least, if you wish me to know it," she said, hurriedly. "Anything is better than suspense."

Mr. Desmond shook his head with a haggard smile.

"So we often think, my Thyra, till we are tried. But when the blow comes we would fain avert it from descending on us, even after praying for the entrance to be past. However, I will take you at your word. It is poverty that is about to add its sting to the rest of our ills, Thyra. The means that has supplied me for so long is suddenly, unexpectedly gone—gone like a vanishing cloud that leaves no trace even of its existence."

Thyra gave a slight gasp, but rather of relief than despair.

"Is that all, papa?" she said. "Oh, you need not have been so alarmed for me; I am not in the least crushed by the blow you predicted so gravely. We can work. We can earn money. It will be almost better," came involuntarily from her lips.

"Better than utter starvation; is that your meaning?" said her father, with a saddened reproach in his tone. "Well, well, it is natural, and I am a selfish, unreasoning being to expect otherwise. But the worst is beyond your comprehension, my fair child," he said, more seriously; "the difficulty will be to obtain the humblest livelihood with such total absence of interest and friends as is our situation. No, I can see no gleam of hope, Thyra, none. It is another stroke of the evil genius that has pursued me through my whole life, and I could be content to lie down and bid it do its worst but for you. At least I thought to spare you this sting. I knew you were doomed in your very infancy to endure disgrace and pain in the very tenderest emotions that are supposed to give joy and pride to the female heart. But at least I believed you would be saved from the degradation of poverty, and all that it brings in its train," he pursued, in a tone of the deepest abasement and sorrow, such as was foreign to his strong, stern temper.

It was sufficient to melt every lingering resentment on his daughter's part.

"Darling father, be comforted; it will but serve to draw us more nearly together," she said, soothingly. "If I have to employ my time and thoughts for you it will leave me no leisure to dream of any fancied ill. It is but a blessing in disguise, perhaps, my father," she added, persuasively.

"Bless you, my child, for the words and the thoughts, even if they prove to be in vain," returned the recluse, sadly. "Perhaps it may be as you hope, and then it will but deepen my remorse that I did not throw myself boldly into the strife of men, instead of cowering down beneath my anguish and my curse in cowardly solitude and inaction. Who knows but that your spirit may inspire your crushed and timorous father, my Thyra?" he went on, a faint gleam lighting up his haggard features.

The girl returned it with a sweet, brave calm in her expressive face that had yet something hollow in its placid courage.

She strove so hard, poor child, to sustain herself and that suffering parent, and yet the pain and gloom of suspicion were so strong and overpowering in her sickened spirit.

How was she, at her tender age and in her inexperience to imagine the danger that menaced her? or to encounter in the front of the battle all the heat and the fury of the strife so fatally described by him who should have been her protector and her guide?

But Eric Desmond either did not or would not perceive this.

"Bless you, my darling," he returned, after a brief pause. "It may be that such angel patience and courage may avail to avert the consequences that awaited your youth and womanhood. Sometimes, my darling," he went on, firmly, "I have deemed that my very life has been selfish to cloud yours, and that I have been simply your bane, a regular upas tree over your pure, bright days. But should it be so, should you find cause to rejoice rather than to mourn when I am gone, my darling, at least remember that it was love that watched over you—love that mourned your fall, even though it may be mistaken in its very anxiety to avert and ignore it."

"Yes, yes! Be at peace, dearest father. I know and believe it. But why should you talk so gloomily? There are weeks and months, ay, and, please Heaven, years for me to prove that I am speaking truth. We will be happier than ever, dear father, now that we so entirely comprehend each other; only tell me what we must do."

"Will it be necessary to leave the dear old cottage? or can I find sufficient employment of any kind to enable us to remain? You see I am in earnest. I am quite ready," she added, with forced but well-sustained courage.

Mr. Desmond did not reply for some few moments. His throat had a choking in its chord that made speech difficult, if he would restrain and disguise his feelings.

"I must think, Thyra, and plan for the future ere I can decide," he said, at last. "Only promise me one thing ere we quit this miserable subject, give me one assurance to set my heart at rest."

"What is it, my father? only tell your child," she replied, in far tenderer accents than she had ever ventured to use to her revered parent. But their very relations seemed changed now, and she could indulge the instincts of her gushing heart to the very uttermost.

"Thyra, I believe—I know, that the late inmate of our house—the unlucky friend of your friends—entertained some such feeling for you as men call love. Tell me, child, did you ever listen to, did you ever encourage such an avowal on his part, and was it welcome and desired by you?"

The maiden blood mantled richly in the delicate cheeks of Eric Desmond's daughter at his abrupt and searching questions. Yet there was scarcely the flutter of anxious agitation in her look and manner as she replied, firmly:

"Mr. Vesci was too honourable and too refined to expose me to such a trial while tending him in his critical illness, father. He never even asked me whether such a confession would be welcome; and, of course, I had no opportunity of checking or of encouraging it; besides, it is over now. He is gone; we shall never meet again. Why not forget, or think of him in kindness and gratitude as the preserver of my life?" she went on.

"Ah, there it is," said Mr. Desmond, with a tone of the old reproachful spirit, "there it is; as well think of a Newfoundland dog as of a man whose natural instinct is to catch up adorning woman rather than abandon her to perish. However, that is not to the purpose now, Thyra. What I require from you is an engagement never to listen under any circumstances to words of love, or even offer of marriage, from Brian Vesci, unless they are sanctioned, ay, and urged, by his father, and then, Thyra, then, when all was done, and the very irrevocable words should be said, then it would be rare sport, I mean a fitting opportunity, to open and read the whole history that gives a key to my life and yours. The proud bigot might hide his head in abject penitence then!"

And a hoarse, strange laugh escaped the thin lips of the recluse, that temoted his daughter into the belief that his very brain was fevered by the shock he had that day received.

"Papa, dear, that is folly, it is so out of all probability that it should be so," she said pleadingly, "let me leave miserable, needless hopes, and speak of what is nearer to our hearts. Why should you not live many years to guide and govern my destiny?" she added more cheerfully.

He shook his head.

"Life and death are in the hands of the Almighty, Thyra, but it is my belief that mine will not be a long sojourn in this weary world. It is but a poor omen of your love and confidence if you will not give me this poor pledge, which surely commits you to so little save what should govern the conduct of a modest and delicate, minded maiden."

It was scarcely the moment to urge the conviction that pressed so strongly on the girl's mind. It could not be fitting to tell a suffering parent that she doubted and suspected the inner and secret causes of his earnest belief. And yet Thyra Desmond was fully convinced that her father's past life was in some mysterious manner connected with the family of the young preserver of her life, and that his very name had conjured up many a painful memory which explained the ungracious churlishness of his conduct.

"Father, I will never degrade myself or you by entering into any family where I was not a welcome inmate," she added, firmly; "and if that promise will suffice, I give it to you from my inmost heart, whether it be friend or stranger who may be in question. Will that satisfy you?"

Mr. Desmond had little time to reply, for at the moment the boat approached the landing-place that had been especially available for Thyra's convenience.

And the sole man servant the cottage could boast was already there to relieve his young lady of any further charge.

Thyra fancied that there was an unwonted faltering in her father's step, and a degree of unsteadiness in his gait as they walked up the ascent to the cottage.

But she rather attributed the slight indisposition that was thus manifested to the unwonted exertion and the evil tidings that had checked his sensitive nerves so suddenly than to any physical ailment.

"We will speak on this to-morrow, my love," he said as Dinah retired, after bringing in all the simple delicacies that constituted the repast of the recluse. "Then I shall have collected my thoughts sufficiently to arrange in some degree for the future, and for your honour and safety, my beloved one," he added, gravely.

Thyra assented in silence. She longed, yet dreaded any such pursuance of the unwelcome theme. And a vague hope that her father might have exaggerated the danger, and that a few hours of refreshing rest would strengthen his shattered nerves, served still farther to cheer her own young and buoyant spirit.

She refrained even from the usual subjects of their evening talk, in deference to her father's evident exhaustion, and quickly went to her harp and began some of the melodies he so dearly loved.

But his voice quickly stopped the touching song that was usually his especial favourite.

"Not to-night, my love. I cannot bear even your sweet voice to-night," he said, with a wan smile. "to-morrow I shall be myself again. Still, my

darling, that rich organ of yours would be an unfailing attraction in the rank in which you are fitted to move. Who knows but that it may help in smoothing the more rugged path that seems to await my precious jewel? But no more of this at present. Good night, my Thyra; may Heaven bless and keep my darling child, my only treasure, my innocent and injured one."

He laid his hand on her head as he uttered the benediction with unwonted solemn tenderness that soothed and awed his daughter as she retired to rest.

It was long ere she slept that night, and yet it was not till she had closed her eyes for a brief interval that she heard her father's step passing her door to his own chamber.

Tired and worn as he had appeared, it was evident that some unexplained cause had disturbed him after his dismissal of herself to her room and Thyra was again some unusual time ere she sank into a real and permanent slumber.

This broken and fitful sleep rendered the morning repose far more sound and late in its duration than was natural with the young mountain-bred maiden, and it was not till the sun was streaming into her window that she fairly opened her eyes to consciousness of returning day.

She sprang up in haste, fearful that she might have kept her father waiting by her unwonted tardiness, rapidly performing the first part of her toilet, and, throwing on a dressing-gown she went to fulfil her morning duties of preparing breakfast and tapping at her father's door to announce its readiness ere she fully completed her morning attire. But it seemed that he was as late in his slumbers as herself.

She knocked once—twice—thrice—and each time with increased force—increasing terror of spirit.

She feared she knew not what, from the strange silence, and at last, with desperate courage, she pushed the door open and advanced slowly and tremblingly into the room.

(To be continued.)

#### A HARD TEST.

A GENTLEMAN once heard a labouring man swear dreadfully in the presence of a number of his companions. He told him it was a cowardly thing to swear so in company, when he dared not do it by himself. The man said he was not afraid to swear at any time or in any place.

"I'll give you ten shillings," said the gentleman, "if you will go into the village churchyard at twelve o'clock to-morrow, and swear the same oaths which you have uttered here, when you are alone."

"Agreed," said the man; "'tis an easy way of earning ten shillings."

"Well, you come to me to-morrow and say you have done it and the money is yours."

The time passed on; midnight came. The man went to the graveyard. It was a night of pitchy darkness. As he entered the graveyard not a sound was heard; all was still as death. Then the gentleman's words came over him with a wonderful power. The thought of the wickedness he had committed, and of what he had come there to do, darted across his mind like a flash of lightning. He trembled at his folly. Afraid to take another step, he fell on his knees, and instead of the dreadful oaths he came to utter the earnest cry went up, "Heaven be merciful to me a sinner!"

The next day he went to the gentleman and thanked him for what he had done, and said he had resolved not to swear another oath as long as he lived.

**ORIGIN OF THE TERM "YANKEE DOODLE."**—In the attacks made upon the French posts in America, in 1755, those against Niagara and Frontenac were led by Governor Shirley and General Jackson. The army during the summer, lay on the eastern bank of the Hudson, a little south of the city of Albany. In the early part of June, the troops of the eastern provinces began to pour in, company after company; and such an assemblage of men never before thronged together on such an occasion, unless an example may be found in the ragged regiment of Sir John Falstaff. It would have relaxed the gravity of an anchorite to see the descendants of the Puritans marching through the streets of the city, and taking their stations on he left of the English army, some with long coats, and others with no coats at all, and with colours as various as the rainbow; some with their cropped hair like the army of Cromwell, and others with wigs, the looks of which floated with grace around their shoulders. Their march, their accoutrements, and the whole arrangement of the troops furnished matter of amusement to the English army. The bands played airs of two centuries ago; and the tout ensemble, for the whole, exhibited a sight to the wondering

strangers to which they had not been accustomed. Among the club of wits that belonged to the British army there was a Dr. Shueburg attached to the staff who combined with his knowledge of surgery, the skill and talent of a musician. To please the newcomers, he composed a tune, and with much gravity recommended it to the officers as one of the most celebrated airs of martial music. The joke took, to the no small amusement of the English. Brother Jonathan exclaimed it was "nation fine," and in a few days nothing was heard in the provincial camp but the air of "Yankee Doodle." Little did the author in his composition then suppose that an air made for the purpose of levity and ridicule should be marked for such high destinies. In twenty years from that time the national march inspired the men of Bunker's Hill; and in less than thirty, Lord Cornwallis and his army marched into the American lines to the tune of "Yankee Doodle."

#### THE WINDS.

Oh, murmuring breeze of summer hours,

On thy wings thou bearest sweet perfume;  
For thou dost live where the gentle flowers  
Silently bend their heads in bloom.  
Where the silvery stream glides on its way,  
Thy voice is heard with the wavellet's play.

Oh, gentle wind of the summer fair,  
Thou bringest a calm to the weary heart!  
And as we list to thy music rare,  
We mourn to think thou shalt soon depart.

There's a wonderful cadence in thy voice,  
That biddeth the weary heart rejoice.

Oh, chilling wind of the autumn drear,  
Thy voice breathes ever of sad decay;  
Thou fadest the flowers, the leaves grow sore—  
Thou dost chant a dirge as they pass away.

For the lovely lost, for the gentle gone,  
Ah, woe! the sound of thy desolate moan!

Oh, bitter wind of the winter wild!  
Thy voice sounds harsh as it greets the ear!

Not like the breath of the summer mild,  
With its soft low voice and tuneful lyre—  
Not like the autumn's mournful lay,  
As it sweeps the verdure from earth away.

But a ruder blast than winter's breath  
Will silently fade the beautiful bloom;  
'Tis the cold and pitiless touch of death,  
That beareth the weary away to the tomb.

When they are gone the winds will weep,  
But no sound of earth can disturb their sleep.

H. L. M. C.

#### SCIENCE.

**IMPROVED SPRING BED BOTTOM.**—This invention consists of arched slats resting at the ends on cross bars, which yield to the end pressure of the slats by means of rubber springs. Over the arched slats are horizontal slats fastened at the middle, and resting at the ends on cross bars supported by coiled springs on the moveable rests of the arched slats.

**IMPROVED PLANT PROTECTOR.**—This is a device by which flowers and other plants may be protected against freezing in cold weather. It consists of a hollow tapering standard placed on legs with side openings and shelves at different heights, on which the plants are placed to be heated by a lamp under the standard. A top cross-piece supports a covering thrown over the whole to prevent the escape of heat and moisture.

**INSTRUMENT TO IMITATE THE HUMAN VOICE.**—A curious invention is reported from Cologne where, at the last of the admirable popular lectures which have formed so marked a feature in this spring's programme for the instruction of the masses in the Rhinish capital, an instrument was shown by the lecturer, Professor Amberg, which is able to imitate the human voice. By this ingenious invention, to which the ambitious names *vox humana* has been given, all the vowel sounds and the labials can be rendered with perfect clearness and accuracy; it also gives some of the gutturals, but as yet the instrument "has not succeeded in rendering the hissing or the deeper laryngeal sounds."

**BRAIN OF MAN AND APES.**—Professor Owen is quoted as saying, before the Anthropological Society here, that as the brain of man is more complex in its organization than the brain of inferior animals, it is more subject to injury, and more liable to experience the want of perfect development; that instances of idiocy occur among all races of mankind, and that extreme smallness of the skull indicates want of intellect approaching to idiocy. Alluding to the attempts that have been made to find a link of connection between man and apes, he remarked that it was possible that an

idiot with an imperfectly developed brain might wander into some cave and there die, and in two or three hundred years his bones might be covered with mud, or be imbedded in stalagmites, and, when discovered, such a skull might be adduced as affording the look-out for link connecting man with the inferior animals. He expresses the opinion that the difference in question is altogether too wide to be bridged over by the skull of any creature yet discovered.

**RENDERING ORDINARY DRAWING PAPER TRANSPARENT.**—Herr Fischer has discovered a method for rendering ordinary drawing paper transparent during the time that a tracing is being made, and afterwards restoring its original appearance. The process consists of dissolving a certain quantity of castor oil in two or three volumes of pure spirits of wine, according to the thickness of the paper, and of applying this solution by means of a sponge. The spirit evaporates at the end of a few minutes, and the paper is ready for use. The drawing may be made in pencil or Indian ink. Its original opacity is afterwards restored to the paper by plunging it in pure spirits of wine, which may be kept for dissolving the oil on future occasions.

#### TO PREVENT WHITE PAINT FROM TURNING YELLOW.

DR. LUEDERSDORFF, of Berlin, in discussing the cause of white paint turning yellow wherever it is excluded from the light, attributes this fault to an inseparable property of linseed oil, and believes that the only cure for it is to substitute some other material for the oil. The value of drying oils for mixing with pigments depends entirely on the property which they have of being converted, by the absorption of oxygen, into a peculiar resin. When entirely dry, this resin is the only bond of union, and to it the oil colours owe their stability. During this oxidation of the oil to a resin and the drying of the paint, especially where there is sufficient air and light, the yellowing takes place.

When sandarac is employed, it is first carefully picked over, and all pieces of bark or wood thrown out; 7 ozs. of sandarac, 2 ozs. Venice turpentine, and 24 ozs. of alcohol of 90 per cent. Tralles, or specific gravity 0.833, are put in a suitable vessel over a slow fire or spirit lamp, and heated with diligent stirring until it is almost but not quite boiling. If the mixture be kept at this temperature, with frequent stirring, for an hour, the resin will all be dissolved, and the varnish is ready as soon as it is cool. The Venice turpentine is necessary to prevent too rapid drying, and more dilute alcohol cannot be employed, because sandarac does not dissolve easily in weaker alcohol, and furthermore, the alcohol, by evaporation, would soon become so weak that the resin would be precipitated as a powder. When this is to be mixed with white lead, the latter must first be finely ground in water, and dried again. It is then rubbed with a little turpentine on a slab, no more turpentine being taken than is absolutely necessary to enable it to be worked with the muller. One pound of the white lead is then mixed up with exactly half a pound of varnish, and stirred up for use. It must be applied rapidly, because it dries so quickly. If, when dry, the colour is wanting in lustre, it indicates the use of too much varnish. In such cases the article painted should be rubbed, when perfectly dry, with a woollen cloth to give it a gloss.

Dammar varnish is made by heating 8 ozs. gum dammar in 16 ozs. of oil of turpentine to 80 or 70 degrees E. (167 to 190 degrees Fahr.), stirring diligently and keeping it at this temperature until all is melted.

**CURIOUS FACT.**—Friction impedes the progress of the railway train, and yet it is only through friction that it makes any progress. This apparent paradox is explained when we remember that by reason of the frictional bits of the drivers upon the track they draw the train. The bearings of the wheel upon the rails are a more line where they come in contact, iron and iron, yet this slight and almost imperceptible hold is sufficient to move hundreds of tons of dead weight with the speed of the wind.

**TWISTING IRON BY ELECTRICITY.**—The remarkable phenomenon, first observed by Professor Goro, which consists in the very perceptible twisting of a bar of iron by the joint effects of currents of electricity passing longitudinally through and also around such a bar by means of the insulated wire of an enveloping helix, has been further investigated. Subsequent experiments have shown that such twisting may be made to reach fully one quarter of a revolution. It has also been ascertained that both currents are necessary to the development of the phenomena. Either current, when applied separately, simply produces the effects of magnetizing the bar. The direction of the twist is definitely related to the direction of the current in the helix. In order to produce the fullest effect, the currents must be simultaneous. When they are successive, a perceptible twist results in a lesser degree.





[THE CAPTAIN SHOWS HIS TEETH.]

# THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

BY  
CHARLES GARVICE,  
AUTHOR OF

"Only Country Love," "The Gipsy Peer," "Fickle Fortune," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Some Jack-in-office holds the keys  
Of poorer men's misfortunes, and turns them  
To his own advantage.

So Bertie had declared love, and won an acknowledgment from Ethel that his love was returned.

For a few moments the rapture which necessarily followed upon his success rendered him unconscious and oblivious to the dangers and obstacles which still beset his path.

A sigh from Ethel—he still held her hand—woke him from his dream.

"What shall we do?" he asked, in a low, tender voice.

It was a momentous question.

To win a confession of her love from Lady Bois-dale was one thing, to obtain her hand in marriage was another and a very different one.

Ethel looked down upon him with infinite love, and shook her head.

She did not know. She was not mad enough to believe for an instant that Lord Lackland would consent to the match, and she could not see her way at all.

Now Bertie was the soul of honour, and as he sat, almost knelt, at his loved one's feet he determined to act in strict accordance with the dictates of his conscience.

"Ethel," he said, and the name sounded wonderfully sweet as he dwelt upon it with loving tenderness, "Ethel, we will be brave. I must go to the earl and ask for my pearl of price. Shall I go to-morrow?"

Ethel turned pale and sighed.

"To-morrow?" she said. "Yes, must it be so soon?"

"Yes," he said, quietly and gravely, "the world will say that I should have asked him first; but we cannot always control our hearts, they will have their way sometimes, and mine has been under bolt and bar so long—so long."

"So long?" she murmured, blushing, and turning away from him.

"Almost from the day when I first saw you—do you remember the time? Poor Leicester was alive

then, and I poured all my hopes and fears into his ears."

"Poor Leicester," said Ethel, softly. "He had hopes and fears of his own," said Bertie, "for no one knows how much, how deeply he loved Violet; yet notwithstanding his own doubts and difficulties he always had sympathy for me, and would listen night and day to my complaints, for I did complain. Ethel, I thought it hard that I should be debarred from hope; you were an earl's daughter—as you are now—and I was penniless, struggling, unknown."

"But it is all altered now," breathed Ethel, pressing his hand. "You are famous, and—and not poor."

"No, but I am not rich," said Bertie. "What should that matter to papa?" said Ethel. "He does not want money."

Bertie, who had his suspicions, thought that it might be otherwise, but he did not wish to dishearten or distress his darling with premature foreboding, so he remained silent.

But his eyes spoke volumes, nevertheless, and Ethel rose, intoxicated with her new-born happiness, to meet Lady Lackland, who was seen approaching.

"Ah, Mr. Fairfax," said the countess, eyeing him suspiciously with a cold smile. "How good of you to take care of Lady Bois-dale. I suppose you have been cooling yourselves. Ethel, my dear, the carriage is waiting, I don't know where your papa is."

"Will your ladyship permit me to escort you?" said Bertie, and the two ladies were taken through the crowded room upon his arm.

There was a crush in the street, and while Bertie, bareheaded, was placing the ladies in the carriage the earl and Lord Fitz came up.

Mr. Murpoint was with them, serene and self-composed as usual, though the crush and confusion were bewildering.

"Here you are!" said the earl. "We were just going to look for you. Fitz has been seeing the Mildmayes to their brougham."

Howard Murpoint closed the door as the two gentlemen entered the carriage and stood with his dark eyes, half-closed, fixed upon Ethel.

"Good night, Lady Bois-dale," he said. "I can see you have enjoyed yourself."

Ethel started at his voice, for she was leaning towards Bertie, who had gone round to the other side of the carriage.

"I—yes, thank you, very much. It has been delightful," she said.

Then the carriage was on the move, and Bertie and Howard Murpoint stood looking after it.

Howard Murpoint regarded Bertie with a smile. "You do not fear influenza," he said, nodding at the other's bare head.

"Eh? Oh, no," said Bertie. "I'll get my hat now though."

And with a cool nod he strode into the hall again.

Howard Murpoint stood looking after him as he fought his way through the crowd of servants and nodded his sleek head once or twice.

"He has put the question," he muttered. "I know it by the look of him—and she has said 'yes.' Hah, hah! Mr. Fairfax, you have not won the game yet!"

He turned as he spoke to make his way to his own brougham, and in so doing nearly knocked down a gentleman who was standing near him.

"Ha, Smythe," he exclaimed, "you here?"

"Eh? Yes," said the man, a short, nervous-looking creature, with fair, insipid face and timid, restless eyes. "Yes; just passing on my way to the club and—and stopp'd to look in."

"Club!" said Howard Murpoint. "Better come home and coffee with me."

And he linked his arm within that of his acquaintance.

The two men entered the brougham, which immediately drove off.

Wilhelm Smythe, for that was the name, or rather improved name—it had been William Smith—of the stranger, was the son of a retired tea-merchant.

His father had left him an enormous amount of property and a very small amount of brains.

He was a nervous, timid, restless creature, with undying ambition to enter the charmed circle of the upper ten.

He was robbed on every side to some extent, and would have been entirely "scooped" had it not been for a small amount of cunning, which made him suspicious after the first attempt, and so saved him.

The captain—or rather Howard Murpoint, as he preferred to be called, had met him at a club some few months previously and had found out all about him.

Most men in the captain's place would have made an attempt to rob him there and then, but the captain was too wise.

He had never mentioned money to him, and had even, when Wilhelm Smythe had asked for some shares in one of the captain's companies, refused to let him have them.

By these means he had won the good opinion of the half-cunning simpleton, who thought Howard Murpoint the nicest and most disinterested of friends.

All the way home Howard Murpoint gave a glowing description of the ball, to which, of course, Wilhelm Smythe had received no invitation, and the poor fellow was in agonies of envy.

"Delightful!" he exclaimed. "And she was there, for I saw her."

"Whom?" asked the captain.

"Can you ask me?" sighed Mr. Smythe, "when you know that I am madly in love with her."

The captain smiled.

"Pour my word, I've heard nothing," he said, encouragingly.

"Why, all the fellows have been chaffing me," said the simpleton. "Everybody knows that I've followed her about everywhere for the last three weeks! She's an angel, a goddess! and it is hard lines that I can't get near her, but though I am a great deal better off than half a dozen of these lords and marquises put together they don't think I'm fit company for them. It's a crying shame! I ought to have been asked to the Duchess of Clare's ball, and everybody knows I ought."

"Of course you ought," said Howard Murpoint, inwardly smiling at the fellow's impudence, "of course you ought, and if I had known you'd have cared to have gone I would have got you a ticket."

"You would!" exclaimed the dupe, gratefully.

"Of course," said Howard Murpoint, "nothing easier; but I always thought you despised that sort of thing—didn't dance and moon about, and cared only for a dinner and a cigar or a rubber at the club."

"Ah, it's different now," said the lovesick Mr. Smythe, "it's different now, since I've seen her."

"And who is the lady?" asked the captain.

They were ascending the stairs to the smoking-room as the question was asked, and Mr. Smythe flung himself into the most comfortable lounge of the great man's luxurious sanctum ere he answered:

"Don't you know? Can't you guess?"

"Not an idea," said the captain, handing him the cigars. "Come, who is she?"

"The little fellow sighed, and replied, with due solemnity:

"Lady Boisdale!"

The captain's eyes flashed. He had wanted a tool! Here was one, ready made to his hand.

"Oh," he said, his busy brain cunningly devising the scheme for Bertie's confusion and his own advancement. "Oh, and is that all?"

"All!" repeated Mr. Smythe. "Do you know who she is? The daughter of an earl! The most beautiful woman in London, the—the—oh, it's impossible for me to hope."

"Not so fast!" said the captain, dropping into a chair and speaking softly—very softly indeed, as was his wont when he was playing with a dupe or enticing and luring a victim. "Ethel Boisdale is human."

"Tis true she is the daughter of an earl, but you are rich, very rich, my dear Smythe, and the daughters of earls, some of them, like good settlements."

The young fellow's eyes brightened.

"D're you think that would make any difference?" he asked. "I thought those sort of people didn't care for money."

"Everybody cares for money, the highest and the lowest of the land, and, between you and me, my dear Smythe, the highest want it most."

"You ought to know," sighed the enamoured youth, anxious to believe, yet scarcely daring to do so; "you know everything on the board, so people say, and I know you can do almost anything."

"I can procure an invitation for you to the next ball at Lackland House, or at the duchess's," said Mr. Murpoint. "If you want to go into society why don't you say so?"

"You know, I want to go everywhere on the chance of seeing that angel."

The captain smiled.

"Don't look so despondent, my dear fellow. Who knows? You may have got her consent within a month."

"No, I don't hope; I can't hope," sighed the youth.

"Come," said the captain, pushing the bottle, and eyeing his dupe keenly, "if you have set your heart upon marrying Lady Ethel Boisdale I think I can help you."

"You can!" exclaimed the young fellow.

"I can, and I will," said the captain, quietly, "on one condition—that you will never mention that you are indebted to me for your success."

"I promise that," said Mr. Smythe, eagerly; "and you really will—"

"Do my best to recommend you to the earl and his peerless daughter, and, what is more, I will venture to bet you something that I succeed."

"Eh?" said Mr. Smythe, scarcely catching the idea.

Then suddenly he saw what Mr. Howard Murpoint meant.

"I see!" he said. "I'll bet you—you a—a—five thousand."

The captain raised his eyebrows.

"I never bet," he said, "unless the stake is worth something. If I am to enter it in my book it must be twenty thousand."

Mr. Smythe hesitated—only for a moment.

"Twenty thousand be it," he said. "If I marry Lady Ethel I pay you twenty thousand, and if I don't—"

"I pay you," said Mr. Murpoint, softly. "It's a wager."

And he held out his long, claw-like, white hand.

Mr. Smythe rose, clasped it eagerly, and, after a fervent and excited "Good night," took his departure.

It was morning, bright, beaming morning, by that time, and Mr. Murpoint had too many great matters on hand to allow of his retiring to rest.

Instead he stepped into a cold bath which was ready for him in an adjoining room, and, dressing himself in his business suit of dark Oxford mixture with an imposing white waistcoat, made his way to his office in Pall Mall.

Seating himself in his chair in his own private room he touched a small bell.

In answer to the summons there entered a tall, thin and cadaverous-looking man with a small despatch case.

"Good morning, Ridgett," said Mr. Murpoint.

The man bowed, and took from his portfolio a number of papers.

The captain went over them with a quick scrutiny and issued his instructions.

"You will proceed in this case, Mr. Ridgett," he said, throwing one letter over.

"Yes, sir. The woman is a widow, and very poor, and suffers from an incurable complaint."

"The office has nothing to do with that," said Mr. Murpoint. "We did not kill the husband, and we did not undertake to cure her complaint. She came into our hands of her own accord, and we simply demand the fees due to us. You will proceed without delay."

"Certainly, sir," said Mr. Ridgett, replacing the letter and taking out another. "What shall I do in the case of the man Linnett?"

He has been laid up with rheumatic gout, has lost his little boy, and been put to great expense. He asks for time, sir."

"Time is money," said Mr. Murpoint. "Time is not yours or mine, Mr. Ridgett; we cannot give him time—stay, we will give him till to-morrow."

"He cannot possibly pay up all arrears by that time."

"Then sell him up, stick and stone," said the kind-hearted and noble Mr. Murpoint. "The office undertakes to lend money, the clients undertake to pay the interest. When the office fails to do its duties then the clients are justified in asking for indulgence, not till then. All the rest of these may stand over, but charge them the inquiry fee, Mr. Ridgett, and double the interest, according to agreement."

Mr. Ridgett bowed.

"By the way," said Mr. Murpoint, "have you bought up the L. debts yet?"

"Not all, sir," was the reply. "You instructed me to wait farther commands."

"Wait no longer," said Mr. Murpoint, "but get as many of the Lackland bills together as you can. You understand?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Ridgett.

And, dismissed by a nod, he took his departure.

Scarcely had he gone when a clerk entered and informed his principal that a man wished to see him.

"What name?"

"Job" was all I could get, sir."

"Show him in."

In a few minutes the small form and weather-beaten face of the smuggler entered the room.

Job, who had often paid visits to the captain at various places, but never at the office, was awed for a moment by the grand furniture and piles of papers and documents.

"Mornin', captain—"

"Say 'Mr. Murpoint' or 'sir,' if you please, Job," said the captain, softly.

Job scraped his heel and scratched his head.

"Mornin', sir, then, if so be as you likes it better."

"Have you brought the account?" said Mr. Murpoint.

Job nodded, and produced a greasy bag, which he placed on the polished table.

The captain turned out the contents of the bag, and commenced counting the heap of gold and silver.

Then he examined an account which was made

out on a dirty piece of paper Job had handed to him, looking up at last with a dark frown.

"How is this?" he said, in a low, stern voice.

"There is some mistake. Here is only a third of the profits—there should be a half."

"There be no mistake, capt—sir," said Job, with an emphatic nod. "They've sent all they means to send, and a hard job I had to get that. The boys say that they don't see the justice like of one man—gentleman or no gentleman—taking half the swag when they've worked for the whole of it."

"Oh, they don't?" said Mr. Murpoint, with a soft smile. "Is that true, or have you purloined half the swag, as you call it, my friend, on the road?"

Job's face flushed and his little eyes darkened angrily.

"I am no thief, capt'n," he said.

"The law would call you one, my friend," said Mr. Murpoint. "It has the bad taste not only to call smuggling thieving but to punish it as such. Sob, the boys are discontented, are they? and send word by you that they don't choose to keep their agreement. Now, my friend, you take this message from me. Tell them that unless I have the remainder of the money by this time next week, and a fair half for the future, paid to the very day, I will pouch upon the lot of them. Not a man shall escape me. The police shall know how the great smuggling trade is done and who does it. You tell them, will you, with my compliments?"

"I'll tell them," said Job, quietly.

"Ay, and let them take heed. I am a man of my word, and what I threaten I will perform. If they'd like to turn at heel and let them alone to give me my due."

"One half the whole of what they get at their risk and peril, while you sit there in velvet and grandeur," said Job, earnestly.

"Easily," said Mr. Murpoint. "I sit here and hold the lot of you, every man-jack, in my open hand, and he stretched out his hand, and if I close it, like that, you're caught and crushed. Tell them that, and advise them, my good Job, not to irritate me by obstinacy or I'll close my hand—I'll close my hand."

So saying, he swept the pile of gold into a tin box and nodded.

"Is that all?" asked Job.

"Yes," said Mr. Murpoint, "and they'll find it quite enough."

Then as Job was leaving the room the schemer said:

"Any news from sea?"

"About Master Leicester?" asked Job, looking at the ground with a sudden change of manner.

"Hush, no names," said Mr. Murpoint, cautiously.

"No, no news," replied Job. "He's dead by this time, p'raps."

"All the better," said Mr. Murpoint. "Dead or alive, he's safe."

"Ay," said Job, and, touching his forehead, he departed.

The captain went back in his chair and gave himself up to thought.

"Leicester Dodson is dead, or buried alive. Violet's money is in my hands; the earl and all his clan are in my power; I am master of thousands, some say millions; and the world calls me one of its greatest men. Who says that honesty is the best policy?"

And as he concluded with the momentous question, he laughed with the keenest enjoyment and insolence.

## CHAPTER XXXIX

Oh, this too sudden warmth of fortune's sun  
Doth fever our poor bloods and set our hearts  
A whirling.

BERTIE was very happy that night as he sat in his solitary chambers and smoked his favourite pipe.

All the weary, hopeless months gone by since first he had seen and loved sweet Ethel Boisdale seemed to have vanished like dark spirits before the joy of that night.

He had told her that he loved, and had won the sweet confession from her lips that she loved him in return.

How bright seemed the world to him—how full of hope and enjoyment!

His dull, book-lined rooms assumed a new aspect under his happy eyes and all at once appeared comfortable quarters, full of pleasant peace and quiet.

But in the morning, after a night of happy, glorious dreams, came the stern reality.

He dressed himself with unusual care, and surveyed himself in the glass.

Would the earl, proud Lord Lackland, accept him as a son-in-law?

He dared not answer his own query, but whiled away the early hours by pacing to and fro, doing a



little work, smoking at intervals and thinking always.

As the clock struck eleven he took up his hat and started on his momentous business.

While he was on his way to the Lackland mansion in Grosvenor Square the earl himself was seated in the breakfast-room munching his toast and sipping his coffee.

Lady Lacklands was seated at the table.

Fitz and Ethel were out in the park at their morning gallop.

"Extraordinary thing," said Lady Lackland, in answer to a remark of the earl's, "I cannot understand it. The man has done so much, made so much money and obtained such wonderful power that he makes one afraid. I always said he was clever, I could see it the first moment I saw him. Do you remember the conversation I had with him the day of the thunder-storm? It seemed almost as if he knew the coddill would be found. And he has actually consented to Fitz's engagement with Violet Mildmay. More, he has promised in an indefinite, cautious sort of way to advance the match. A wonderful man. I hope he will succeed; we want money, we must have it."

"We must," said the earl. "It is a singular thing that we have not been ruined long before this. I feared that the bills would have been called in long ago, but I seem to have heard very little of them lately."

"Perhaps your creditors think that Fitz will marry well and are waiting till you should get some money."

"Perhaps so," said the earl, coolly. "I wish Ethel were as well disposed of."

Lady Lackland sighed. "Ethel is my great trouble," she said. "She is beautiful enough to make a really great match, but there is no doing anything with her; she is as cold as ice to all of them, and I am powerless."

The earl frowned. "And we placed our hope in her," he said. "What are daughters for, if they don't make good marriages? Why is it?"

"Why," repeated the countess, "the foolish girl has a lurking fondness for Bertie Fairfax. I have seen it for a long time."

"He is famous now," said the earl.

"Yes, but what good can he do us? We want money—money, and Ethel must marry for it. I believe all would have been right if that Leicester Dodson had not gone wrong."

The earl sighed his coffee.

"All the world knows that he was to marry Violet Mildmay."

"All the world knows that there was something between them, but it does not follow that they should marry. I do not believe they ever would. I think Howard Murpoint had made up his mind to marry her to Fitz, and, if he did, I feel that I would rely rather on Howard Murpoint than all the rest of the world."

The earl nodded.

"About Ethel," he said. "What are your plans? She is expensive, very. That pile of bills are hers—and yours."

"And who is to help it?" said Lady Lackland. "She must have diamonds, she must have dresses; besides, they are only bills."

"Which must be paid," said the earl, calmly, "unless I can push them off till I am in the coffin, and Fitz reigns in my stead."

"It is a cheerful prospect. I wish Ethel would marry well."

"Hem!" said the earl, and he shifted in his chair to get more comfortable. "There is one little difficulty about Ethel which you seem to forget; perhaps you do not know it."

"What is that?" asked the countess.

"That her private fortune has long since been swallowed up."

Lady Lackland looked grave.

"And if she marries, her husband will want it—at least, ask for it. If he should, where is it to come from?"

He put the question quite calmly, and Lady Lackland sighed.

"Nobody was ever so poor as we are—"

"Or spent more money," said the earl, comfortably. "Ethel is a difficult question; a big marriage would bring questions, questions would bring awkward answers. I have spent her fortune, and I cannot replace it."

At that moment, while the countess sat with a look of annoyance and distress, silent and dismayed, a servant entered with a card.

The earl glanced at it, and handed it to the countess.

"Bertie Fairfax!" she breathed.

"Show Mr. Fairfax into the library," said the earl.

Then, when the servant had withdrawn, he smiled over his cup quite calmly and unmoved.

"Bertie Fairfax," said the countess, with a frown.

"What is to be done? Of course he comes to ask for Ethel."

"Not having seen him, I cannot say."

"What shall you say if he does?"

"It all depends," said the earl, wiping his moustache. "I may have to order him to leave the house, or I may—"

"Be careful!" said the countess.

The earl smiled coldly, and left the room.

Bertie rose as the earl entered.

"Good morning, Mr. Fairfax," he said, fixing his cold, steely eyes on Bertie's face, and holding out a cold, impassive hand.

"Good morning, my lord," said Bertie, who had determined to remain self-possessed and unembarrassed, whatever might be the issue of the interview, or however the question might go.

"Good morning. I am afraid I am rather early, but I have come on a matter in which impatience is permissible."

"Pray sit down," said the earl, seating himself as he spoke in a hard, straight-backed chair, and looking as straight as the chair itself. "Nothing has happened, I hope."

"Nothing of harm, I hope," said Bertie, gravely.

"I have come, my lord, to ask you for the hand of Lady Bolestone."

The earl raised his eyebrows, assuming a surprise which, of course, he did not feel.

"I had thought it best to declare my purpose and put my request as plainly and as straightforwardly as I could. I do not undervalue the prize which I pray for at your hands, my lord, and I am humbly conscious that I am not worthy to receive it from you. I can only plead that I love her with all my heart and that I have loved her for years. But, a few months ago, I should have deemed my request presumptuous to the extent of madness, but now, although I am not one whit more worthy of her, I am, perhaps, in the eyes of the world a little less presumptuous."

The earl listened with an unmoved countenance, as if he were listening to some passage from a book which in no way concerned him.

"May I ask, Mr. Fairfax," he said, "if you have made Lady Bolestone acquainted with the state of your feelings?"

Bertie flushed the slightest in the world.

"I regret to say that I have, my lord. No one can regret it more than I do. I know that I should have come to you first, and have gained permission to place myself at your daughter's feet. But the depth of my devotion must plead for me; may I hope that it will? We are all, the best of us, the slaves of impulse. There are times when the heart asserts itself and enslaves the will, which, perhaps for years, has hidden its voice be silent, as mine has done."

The earl bowed.

"May I ask," he said, "in what way Lady Ethel received your advances?"

The question, as well as the one preceding, was put as insolently as possible, and Bertie's face flushed and then grew pale with anger and offended dignity; but he had determined to fight his battle and hide his wounds, so he said, quietly and gravely:

"I found that, for once, true love had won its best return."

"She consented, do you mean?"

Bertie bowed.

"Then, doubtless, Mr. Fairfax," said the earl, as softly as ever, "you were kind enough to place her in possession of facts of which I am in ignorance?"

Bertie did not understand, and looked as if he did not.

"In such matters as this," said the earl, "it is best, as you say, to speak with candour. I refer to your position in the world, and your ability to keep Lady Bolestone in the society which, all my friends tell me, she so greatly adores."

Bertie bowed.

"My lord, I should have shamed her by any such allusion, and lost all hope of winning her heart. To you I may say that I am not poor in the eyes of many, though I may seem poor indeed to one of your lordship's position and wealth."

The earl winced inwardly, but showed nothing of it outwardly.

"I have an income of two thousand pounds a year, and I trust that I may be able before long to own with gratitude that it is doubled. It is not a large sum, my lord."

"It is not," said the earl, coolly. "Are you aware, Mr. Fairfax, how much a lady's dress costs during the year?"

Bertie smiled.

"There are some ladies whose dresses may cost a thousand, and others who would be content with a costume much less valuable."

The earl smiled.

"Unfortunately Lady Ethel has been accustomed to the former style of apparel."

"I am confident, my lord, that she would, being a noble, true-hearted woman, consent to change it for the latter, and grieve but a little."

"I am not so sure," said the earl; "and I may conclude that the sum you mention is the whole—in fact that you are not prepared to make any settlement?"

"All that I have shall be hers," said Bertie.

"The richest man in England can do no more."

"No settlement?" said the earl, coldly. "Under the circumstances you would not therefore expect a fortune with her?"

Bertie crimsoned:

"Your lordship forgets," he said, with quiet dignity, "that I came to ask for your daughter and not for your money."

The earl showed no displeasure at the stern retort, but took it simply as an assent, and nodded.

"Mr. Fairfax, to be candid, as we have been all through, Lady Lackland and I have had higher hopes for Ethel, much higher. It is true that you are famous, and that you are well descended; the Fairfaxes run with ourselves, I think. It is usual, nay, it is the duty of a father to endeavour to place his daughter in a higher station than the one which she inherits from him. I ignore that duty and consent to give up that hope, I trust I shall be pardoned if I make one suggestion."

"My lord, I am in your hands," said Bertie, with simple dignity and earnestness.

"And that is that you will give me, both of you, a formal quitclaim of any fortune or estate that may be due to her. I simply suggest it as a fair and honourable thing. You may be aware, or you may not, that Lady Ethel has some small fortune of her own; under the circumstance I must make the condition that should I give my consent you will agree to let the money remain in the estate, vested, so to speak, in the family."

Bertie smiled.

"As I said before, my lord, I ask only for Ethel. What money she may have is at her own disposal. I don't wish to touch one penny of it, directly or indirectly."

"My dear Mr. Fairfax, do not let us continue this branch of our subject then," said the earl, with a smile that was intended to be cordial, but was more like a stray sunbeam on an October morning. "I will confess that I merely put the question to test you, not that I doubted your honour, but—well, you are young, she is young, and I am obliged to guard both of you. But, there, if you still feel confident that you can make her happy, and that you can take her for herself alone, my dear Fairfax, I give her to you, and with her my most hearty blessing."

Bertie gasped with astonishment.

To him, knowing nothing of Ethel's fortune which the earl had appropriated, his consent to Ethel's betrothal was simply astounding.

He had expected to be repulsed, refused.

The tears sprang to his eyes, his gentle nature was filled with gratitude.

"My lord," he said, grasping the cold hand, "I cannot thank you; thanks for such a gift were idle and vain. Only one who has waited for years, hoping against hope until the heart was sick, can tell what I feel now. My lord, if you will pardon me I will take my leave."

"Good-bye, my dear boy," said the earl, "good bye; you will find Ethel in the park. Heaven bless you!"

Bertie found himself outside—how he scarcely knew—bathed in delight and satisfaction.

Where should he find Ethel? Every moment he was away from her now seemed an insane delay.

Where—As he hurried to make his way to the park there came round the corner, smiling and serene as usual, Mr. Howard Murpoint.

A short gentleman leaned upon his arm.

"Ah, Mr. Fairfax, how d'ye do?" said the captain with a sunny smile of friendly greeting. "What a delightful morning. Allow me to introduce my friend—Mr. Wilhelm Smythe, Mr. Bertie Fairfax."

Bertie shook hands with the captain, and bowed slightly to his friend, then with a nod hurried on.

He turned at the corner in time to see the captain and his friend standing on the door-steps of the Lackland house, and as he saw an undefinable and intangible shadow creep over him and chilled him.

By some strange course of reasoning or feeling he had grown to connect the captain with every mishap of his life.

What were he and his friend doing thus early at Lackland House?

To be continued.

GRAY'S TIMIDITY.—The poet Gray was remark-

ably fearful of fire, and kept a ladder of ropes in his bedroom. Some mischievous brother collegians at Cambridge knew this, and in the middle of a dark night roused him with the cry of fire!—the staircase, they said was in flames. Up went the window, and Gray hastened down his ladder as quick as possible, into a tub of water which had been placed at the bottom to receive him. The joke cured Gray of his fears, but he would not forgive it, and immediately changed his college.

## BURIED SECRETS.

### CHAPTER VII.

THE miserable woman whom Piers Dalryell had captured did not obey his order to look him in the face, but sank down at his feet, gasping, panting, helpless.

"Confound you," ejaculated the young man, fiercely. "Get up, will you? I tell you, get up!"

But the woman, exhausted, crouched upon the ground, frightened and motionless.

Dalryell sent a swift glance around him. They were in a quiet street, lined with residences. No policeman was in sight. No carriages or pedestrians was to be heard. All was loneliness and stillness, as great almost as that of a desert. The woman's flight and his pursuit had aroused no one. Lockham was doubtless a quarter of a mile away, having given up the pursuit, and was probably on his return to his lodgings.

A gas-lamp glowed through the thick gloom at a little distance. Dalryell dragged the woman a little nearer the light, and forced her head back, staring intently into her countenance.

She had not fainted. Her eyes met his with a wild and frightened look. A grayish pallor overspread her face. That face was not ordinary, as Lockham had intimated. It was strong even to harshness. Sallow of skin, with a low, retreating forehead, high cheek bones, a nose that had been broken, a prominent lower jaw, and protruding teeth, this woman presented an appearance not likely to be forgotten by one who had once seen her. There was nothing of downright wickedness in her visage, but there was cunning expressed in the small weak eyes, and selfishness and shrewdness apparent in the lines about her heavy mouth.

Dalryell drew a small flask of brandy from his pocket and poured a portion between her lips. The liquor seemed to revive her. She caught her breath sharply, and began to struggle in his grasp.

"Stop!" said the young man in a voice that quelled her. "Keep quiet, or I'll call the police."

She became quiet, looking at him timorously.

"What is it?" she whispered. "What do you want of me? I am not the woman you want. I never saw you before."

"But you shall see me very often hereafter, and that will repair the deficiency," said Dalryell, grimly. "What is your name? Is it Joanna Ryan?"

"No, it is not," she answered vehemently. "It is not Joanna Ryan. I never heard that name before. It's a mistake—"

"What is your name?"

The woman hesitated.

"My name does not concern you," she said presently, gathering courage. "How dare you chase me and stop me in this way in the street? I am a respectable woman. Take your hands off me!"

"Bullying won't do, my fair Joanna," said Dalryell, coolly. "Call the police. Why don't you?"

The woman seemed about to do so.

"We will go to the station-house together," continued Dalryell. "We'll send for my friend, Mr. Lockham. Ah! you wince. You don't want to meet Mr. Lockham, eh? Now, Mrs. Ryan, you've got a very devil to deal with in me. You may as well give in at once as to fight and then give in. Lockham identified you. This is likely to be a bad business for you unless you make a friend of me!"

"What do you want?" the woman demanded, sullenly.

"You acknowledge yourself to be Johanna Ryan?"

"No. That is not my name."

"You have changed it, perhaps. If not, and you are not the woman I seek, you won't mind coming around with me to my friend Lockham's—"

"I won't go. Suppose my name is Ryan—mind I don't say it is," said the woman, cunningly—"what do you want of me? What has Joanna Ryan done that you should pursue her?"

"I want to discover the whereabouts of a girl named Blanche Berwyn," said Dalryell, boldly. "She was the daughter of a poor gentleman farmer in Australia whose servant you were, with your husband."

You see I know all about you. Where is Blanche Berwyn?"

"I don't know any such name—"

"No more denials, woman. I shall call a policeman and have you taken to the station-house on the charge of abducting Miss Berwyn in her infancy and hiding her from her friends, unless you own up to your own identity and tell me the truth."

Evidently the woman did not care to be taken by a policeman to the station-house. She was as ignorant as cunning.

Perhaps she had been guilty of deeds which might draw upon her the condemnation of the law as well as its penalties. After a brief period of reflection she exclaimed:

"If I were really Joanna Ryan, what would you do to me?"

"I would reward you handsomely for truthful information about Miss Berwyn. I mean you no harm, woman, provided you obey me. I will even be your friend. You are poor, I see. Well, let me see Miss Berwyn, tell me all I want to know, and I will give you fifty pounds and promise you immunity from all harm. Look. Here is a ten-pound note as an earnest of my good faith."

He drew a Bank of England note from his pocket-book and placed it in her hands.

She turned it over and over incredulously, and finally thrust it in her bosom.

"I will trust you," she said, briefly. "Come home with me, sir. I live near here, in a street just out of Tottenham Court Road. Oh, you needn't fear anything. I couldn't work you harm even if I would."

"Better not try," said Dalryell, displaying the handle of a revolver in his inner coat-pocket. "I am armed, you see. Lead on."

The woman threaded two or three streets, the young man keeping at her side, and finally she came to a halt before a dingy brick house in a row of similar houses, and, taking out her latch-key, fitted it into the door with the remark:

"I have lodgings here. I live quite at the top of the house, which is very respectable, as you can see for yourself, sir."

Dalryell was already satisfied upon that point, and readily followed his guide into a narrow, unsavoury hall, and up two flights of dirty, uncarpeted stairs, to a front room overlooking the street.

He waited at the door while the woman lighted a feeble candle, and then entered, closing the door behind him.

The room was very poor and bare, but it was large, and possessed three windows. The floor was but partly covered with a ragged carpet. A few chairs, a rickety wardrobe, a miserable bed, a table, and utensils for cooking over a spirit-lamp, made up the scanty list of furniture.

The woman placed a seat for her visitor, and sat down heavily upon another chair confronting him.

"Now, what is it you want?" she demanded.

"Ask your questions, sir. I am ready to answer. I want the other forty pounds."

"Very well, then. Are you Joanna Ryan?"

Again the woman hesitated at the question, eyeing him sharply, then she said, with a little forced laugh, but in a manner that convinced him of her truth:

"I was Joanna Ryan, sir, in the old days, but after I returned to England, I married a publican named Flint, so now I am Mrs. Flint; Mrs. Joanna Flint, I'm called, sir, and as respectable a woman, if I do say it myself, as can be found in London."

"I don't doubt it. You and your husband were servants in the family of Mr. George Berwyn in Australia twenty years ago, were you not?"

"Me and my first, yes," assented Mrs. Flint.

"I've no call to be ashamed of it, though being a publican's wife since. I've been a missus and kept my own servants. But such is life. My second died. An honest man he was, and died in his bed, just like a dook or markise, which my first, I must own, didn't. He owed on his stock, you see, sir, and I kept up the business after him, and what with debts, and trusting, and dishonest customers, and a clerk as run away with seventy odd pun', I was sold out. And matters went from bad to worse, till here I am that poor and that shabby that I wish I were in a good place at service again, with my regular beer and vittles and perkivits, I do indeed, sir."

She spoke with a heartiness that attested her sincerity.

"When you left Mr. Berwyn's farm after his death and the death of his wife," said Dalryell, "you took their child with you?"

"Certainly. What else could I do with her? She was a beautiful little creature, so affectionate as she could be, a little angel, and when her pa and ma was

both took, and neither of 'em able to say in their dying moments what was to be done with her, and there was no one to take charge of her, Mr. Lockham being in Tasmania, I told James as I should keep her. So we took her with us to Melbourne, and her name being so fine, and no money nor clothes to go with it, I just called her after our own name Ryan, and let it go as she was my own child. I see no harm in that, sir."

"No, there is no particular harm, and no good either," said Dalryell. "She wasn't your child, you know, and the pretence was foolish. But she can be identified in various ways, so it's as well, perhaps. Did you quarrel with your husband in Melbourne?"

"No, sir; he quarrelled with me. He had a very violent temper, and was that ill-tempered a saint couldn't live with him. So I took the child and went to Sydney, and got a situation in a hotel as cook, and made money. Six months afterwards I heard of Ryan's death in Melbourne. He was killed in a brawl. I got discontented with Australia then, and a little windfall coming to me at that time I came back to England."

"You brought two children with you. Was one of these little Blanche Berwyn?"

"Yes, but she was called Ryan."

"Who and what was the other child?"

Mrs. Flint evidently felt a temptation not to answer this question, but a glance at her interlocutor and a remembrance of the forty pounds he had promised her decided her to be frank with him.

"While I was in Melbourne," she said, "there was a murder done. One man robbed and murdered another man. It was the talk of the town. As it happened, the murderer was a man I had known in England when he and I were children. It was an odd coincidence, and I couldn't sleep nights for thinking of him. He was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to death. Afore the day appointed for his execution came around, I made up my mind to go and see him for the sake of old times. I did go. He was glad to see me, poor, hot-headed chap, and told me that he was a widower and that he had one child—a girl. He had two thousand pounds hid away in a safe place, and he wanted me to go and get it. And he begged me to take his little child to England and bring her up respectable as my own, to make a servant of her and see that she grew up an honest woman. And so I took the money and the girl and little Blanche and came to England."

"There was some difference in the rank of the two children," said Dalryell. "One the child of a gentleman, the other—bah! The two children were nearly of an age."

"Very near. They didn't look alike. Blanche looked what she was, a lady's child. I never saw a more perfect lady than her ma. The other girl came of coarse stock, and showed it. But I called 'em both my children and no one ever suspected, as I know, that they were not."

"Where is Blanche Berwyn now?"

The woman seemed perturbed, although she had expected the question and was prepared for it.

"Let me tell you my story in my own way, sir," she exclaimed. "I came to London and took a lodging-house with my money, but I didn't succeed. I never have succeeded in anything. And at that time the children were left much to themselves and played in the streets for hours together. One of the children came near being run over one day by a carriage and pair. The fine lady owning the carriage brought her home. She was struck with the child's looks, she took a violent fancy to her on the spot, and she asked me if I would give the child to her, being I was a poor widow. We struck a bargain, and the very next day the fine lady came back with her husband and a lawyer, and writings were drawn up and I signed away my right to the girl and got my money, and they drove away, taking the child with them. They went abroad the next day, and I've never seen them nor the child since."

"And that child was Blanche Berwyn?"

The woman started and changed colour.

"I did not say so. That child was Mary Cartwright, the child of Jack Cartwright, who was hanged at Sydney. How my lady came to fancy her above the other I can't tell, except it was for pity and remorse of having nearly killed her. I gave away the Cartwright girl. I kept the other."

"And where is she now? Is she married?"

"She lodges with me here in this room. She is not married. She's a fine girl of twenty."

"Not married! A fine girl! Is she good looking?"

"She is handsome—a regular beauty."

"Is she ignorant, ill-bred, rude?"

"No, sir. She's quite the lady. I've give her chances for schooling, sir, and she's been quick to pick up learning. What do you want of her? Have her relations turned up?"



"I am her relative," said Dalyell, as coolly as he was able. "I heard from Mr. Lockham, on his return to England, that my poor cousin left a daughter, and I determined to find her. Where is she at this moment?"

"We are poor," said Mrs. Flint, in a whimpering voice, "and the girl has to work. She likes dress and fol-de-lols, and I can't buy them for her. She sings in a music-hall over on the Surrey side."

"Sings in a music-hall!" thought Dalyell, horrified. "The granddaughter of the Earl of Thorncombe! The heiress of Thorncombe Manor! Sings in a music-hall! Can it be possible?"

He was silent for a little space, and then said aloud: "Is she at the music-hall to-night?"

"Yes, sir. She won't be home till past midnight. They keep her late."

"Take me to the place where she sings. I want to see her myself, unseen. Come on, Mrs. Flint, I'll promise not to tell her the secret of her history to-night. Perhaps I shall not tell her at all at present till I get to know her well. Come with me. As soon as I shall have seen her, I will give you your forty pounds."

It did not require much urging on Dalyell's part to induce Mrs. Flint to assent, and they descended at once to the street and set upon their errand.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

AFTER Miss Edgely's communication to Diana Paulet concerning the fate of Philip Ryve, the girl made no inquiries concerning him, and did not even ask to see the newspapers containing the notice of his death.

The unhappy young man seemed to have died altogether out of her remembrance, judging by her silence. Miss Edgely did not venture to speak of him, and Mr. Paulet was equally reticent, hoping that time and illness had cured the girl of her foolish love for the disreputable young stranger.

If they had known the secret tie that had been formed in the very hour of his death between Philip Ryve and Diana Paulet! If they had but guessed the secret that rankled in the girl's soul, ranking there like a bullet buried deep beneath the closed flesh!

But, young as she was, innocent as she was, and all unused to secrecy, Diana not only hid her secret bravely, but hid even the fact that she had a secret.

She grew stronger and better with every day. By the end of May she was able to work in the garden. By the middle of June she was able to resume her walks and rides, her old groom in close attendance upon her.

There has been no scandal in regard to her presence at that tragic scene upon the heath when Philip Ryve had been arrested for crime and had shot himself.

Her name had never been associated with his in any way. No one suspected that he had been more to her than the most casual stranger, thanks to old Denton's obtuseness and obstinacy of opinion.

And so that episode in Diana's life had died out, and life lay all before her, and she was free to make a new and better beginning.

In the quiet days of her convalescence, she had reviewed the whole matter with clearer insight than before, and she had comprehended, with a shudder at her deliverance, that the weak and unprincipled man she had married could never have made her happy—that she could not have respected him when she had grown to know him thoroughly—that she had escaped as by a miracle from certain and absolute misery. And yet much of the old glamour clung to her. She believed that she loved Philip Ryve still, and that she should never love again.

"I have tried to guide my own boat," she thought, "and have nearly wrecked my life. I am too inexperienced, too foolish, too impulsive. Hereafter I will be guided by my father. I will be a better daughter than I have been, and in all things I will be led by him."

Mr. Paulet, to his surprise, found Diana thenceforward, full of little quiet attentions to himself. She looked after his comfort with a solicitude that pleased him. She copied his manuscripts when he would allow her, she read aloud to him sometimes, but for the most part he preferred to be let alone, and he told her so in a not unkind manner but he did not want her to encroach upon his time or interrupt his studious habits.

Diana avoided those places where she had chanced to meet Philip Ryve. She took a fancy to stroll upon the heath, and was absent for hours, Denton following her about at a respectful distance with the fidelity of an old mastiff.

In the latter part of June, at about the same time

as Piers Dalyell's discovery of Mrs. Ryan, an event occurred that was destined to change the whole current of Diana Paulet's life.

It was a bright, lovely day, with a breeze blowing over the heath. The sky was azure. The splendour of the sun was hidden behind thin and fleecy clouds. It was a day for a ramble, and Diana strayed upon the heath, with her usual attendant, with intent to visit a poor cottager, one of her pensioners, who lived a couple of miles distant.

The girl was pale still from her illness. Her round face, more delicate than ever, was exquisite in its beauty, sweetness and spirit. Her sunny brown hair flowed over her shoulders from beneath a coquettish gipsy hat trimmed with black velvet and daisies. She was dressed in white, of soft, clinging material, with here and there a black velvet bow. She was the incarnation of youth and loveliness as, under her big blue silk umbrella, she walked lightly over the heath upon her errand of mercy.

Old Denton carried a large basket filled with delicacies for the sick pensioner, and trudged along several yards behind his young mistress, but within easy call.

Diana made her visit, dispensed her bounties, remained an hour or two to cheer the invalid and to read to her, and then set out upon her return home. But during those two hours the whole face of nature seemed to have changed.

The sky was overcast with thick black clouds. The breeze had given place to an ominous calm. There was a strangeness in the air, a dead and ominous stillness, as if nature were holding her breath with dread expectancy of something terrible about to happen.

Diana gave a single glance at the frowning aspect of the heavens, and hurried onward, not putting up her umbrella. She walked very swiftly, and had achieved half a mile of progress, when a quick, startling peal of thunder burst through the astonished air.

She came to a half-halt, and old Denton hurried up to her at a run, crying out:

"There's to be an awful thunderstorm, miss. We haven't time to reach The Yew. Shall we turn back to the cottage?"

"There's no time," said his young mistress, briefly. "The storm will be upon us before we could reach it."

"I ought to have foreseen that we should not have time to reach home," groaned Denton. "Oh, the master'll be very angry with me! Did you see that flash, miss? Hark to that! The storm'll break on the heath in less than five minutes. And after your fever, Miss Diana, the rain'll be the death of you. What shall we do?"

"There's the umbrella," said the girl, doubtfully, with another look around her. "But an umbrella will be but an straw in the storm that's coming. Is there no shelter on the heath, Denton? What of the old hut that the shepherds occupied last season? Is it not near here?"

"Not five minutes' run!" cried Denton, with new life and animation. "I didn't think of it. Now for it, miss. Run for your life. The storm is coming!"

He led the way, pointing out the direction with his forefinger.

Diana could see the outlines of the shepherds' hut in the sudden, deepening gloom. In a moment she was flying past him, swift as Atlanta, her white dress fluttering, and Denton found himself left far in the rear, despite his utmost exertions.

Another blinding flash—another awful peal of thunder—and the darkness began to shut down around them like a pall.

Yet another flash that seemed to illuminate the lonely heath for a single instant like the lurid fires of eternity, and then Diana had reached the hut, had pushed the door open, and had sprang into its shelter.

A minute later the old groom, breathing like a porpoise, staggered into the room.

And still the storm had not broken.

"It's coming!" said the girl, in a low, awe-struck voice, as she stood in the open doorway. "It's coming, Denton!"

"Shut the door, miss, for the love of Heaven!" cried Denton. "You are just a-tempting of Providence standing there! The lightning will strike you. Oh, Miss Diana, if anything happens to you, the master will kill me. Miss Di—"

She had just caught sight of a horseman galloping over the heath, and making for the same shelter with herself. He seemed racing with the storm. Nearer—nearer—he came. And the sky grew blacker, a yellow blackness overspread the heath, the lightning became more vivid, the thunder-crashes louder and more terrific.

"I think he'll reach the hut in time!" she said to herself. "Ah, now it comes!"

The storm broke with an awful fury and with appalling suddenness. She sprang back from the doorway. The next instant the horseman she had seen rode up furiously, sprang from his steed, secured the animal to a post near the door, blanketed him with a waterproof garment, and dashed into the hut all wet and dripping as if he had emerged from the sea. He closed the door before he saw that the hut was occupied, and stood braced against it, the wind and the rain beating against it as if furious to beat it open.

Diana was standing. The little room was dim, but the stranger saw that he was in the presence of a lady, and removed his hat with a courteous bow, exclaiming:

"I beg your pardon, madam, for my abrupt intrusion, but I thought this was but a shepherd's hut and unoccupied."

"You are right, sir," said the girl, with gentle courtesy. "I with my groom, have just taken shelter here from the storm. The hut is free to any one."

The stranger bowed again.

"It is dark and chill in here," he said, presently. "Would you permit me to make a fire on that hearth, madam? The light and warmth will go far to relieve the gloom of the storm, and will prevent your taking cold."

Before the girl could reply, old Denton had found a bundle of sticks in the closet and was making a fire, finding matches in his own pockets. In a few moments a wood fire was burning on the hearth, filling all the room with its warm and light.

The stranger and Denton then bolted the door, effectually shutting out the wind and rain.

The hut was bare, but clean. Two small benches constituted its entire furniture. The roof was thatched and impenetrable to the rain, which now poured down upon it in solid sheets.

Diana sat down upon one of the benches at the corner of the hearth, awe-stricken at the raging of the elements, pale, but lovelier than ever in her helplessness and timidity, her great velvety eyes shining with a splendour which nothing could dim.

The stranger watched her with a reverent admiration. He thought he had never seen a girl so beautiful in all his life. He longed to speak to her, to soothe her terrors, but he dared not.

He was young, being only some three-and-twenty years of age, and strikingly handsome, with a strong and noble face, somewhat haughty features, a pair of blue eyes, keen and clear in their glances, a thick golden moustache shading his well-formed mouth, and thick curls of fair hair clustering close about his head.

That he was refined, well educated and accustomed to command were apparent at a glance.

He studied the girl's high-bred, patrician face quietly and unobtrusively for some moments while she was absorbed in listening to the terrific battle going on outside, and then his face lighted up with a sudden recognition. He seated himself upon the bench opposite her, old Denton crouching in a corner, and at the first lull in the storm he said:

"I beg your pardon, madam, but I fancy I recognize in you a dear old playmate of my childhood. Are you not Miss Paulet?"

Diana bowed assent, showing her surprise.

"Don't you remember in your childhood, when your mother was living, that you spent an entire winter at Brighton, and that you had constantly for a playfellow—"

Diana sprang from her seat excited.

(To be continued.)

#### THE SECRET OF POMEROYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"Shifting Sands," "The Snapt Link," etc., etc.

#### CHAPTER XXXII.

THERE was a dead silence for some minutes ere either the general or his new guest could recover from the emotion that had succeeded to their sudden meeting.

"Cyril Pomeroy, once more we are face to face," said the stranger, calmly. "And under circumstances well nigh as terrible as those amidst which we parted. You remember me; even changed as I am by time still more by sorrow, your memory must have my features too deeply stamped for you to forget," he went on, in a low, significant tone.

The general was shaken to the centre by the terrible trial he had recently undergone, and it was perhaps little wonder if he did somewhat quail under the stern aspect and the ominous words of his guest.

Yet there was even more weakness and craven

terror in his whole aspect and tone than might have been accounted for by such a natural interpretation of his evident emotion.

"I recognize your voice better than I should have done your person," he replied, collecting by a strong effort his scattered senses; "but you must remember I did not even know that you were still alive; still less should I have expected to see you again in this castle, in these scenes."

The stranger laughed, yes, actually laughed, though the sound was so hollow and so ill suited to the spot and to the unhappy circumstances that attended the doomed mansion that it appeared as if it were mirth in the city of the dead.

"Cyril, you were ever a good actor," he said, scornfully, "but I should certainly have thought you could hardly have carried on the farce at such a moment. Dare you from your inmost heart repeat that you either at the time or at any subsequent period believed me, Guy Seaforth, to be the murderer of your brother, Julian?"

The stranger who thus openly proclaimed his style and title in spite of the long, long time which had elapsed since it was pronounced either by his own lips or those of others was in fact no other than the stranger of the Rhineland, the father of Eustace Neville.

General Pomeroy silently pointed to a chair near which the viscount stood, perhaps to gain time as well as to display the common courtesies that he had hitherto neglected as host.

"How am I to decide what a jury of your countrymen could not determine?" he returned, at length. "The affair has never yet been cleared up, and you hence can scarcely expect an entire acquittal."

"Only that before Heaven—ay, and before you, Cyril Pomeroy," returned Lord Seaforth, vehemently. "And you, of all persons, should be the first to acknowledge my guiltlessness of your brother's blood."

"And why—why?" gasped the general, his face actually ashen with a livid pallor. "I am not your confessor; I have no authority to receive your shrift."

"I offer none," was the haughty reply. "General, you have the knowledge, which few possess, of the truth, and you would never dare to think me guilty. And, mark me! the truth will come to light: Julian Pomeroy was dear to me as a brother. I would as soon have shed my boy's blood as that of the man I loved better than a friend, who was to me even as David to Jonathan."

The general took up a paper-weight near him and lifted it high in his hand, as if he meant to hurl it at his companion; then his hand dropped, and he sank back in his chair.

"I am not fit to speak on such painful memories," he said, feebly. "I am too much crushed by the present. My only son—my boy—has followed the fate of his uncle; he has disappeared, and I am even now mourning his probable murder."

"And mine—my Eustace—he on whom a curse has rested from his boyhood—what of him, Cyril?" said the viscount, sternly. "He is accused, I hear, of the foul deed, and I am here to defend—to give up my own life for his, were it needful."

And the viscount fixed his still bright eyes with a piercing inquiry on his companion, as if to demand of him the inmost secrets of his soul.

The general hid his face in his hands, as if to conceal it from the burning gaze.

"I know not, I know not," he said. "If your son is guilty, then Basil's blood would cry from the ground were I to hide his murderer. If not, then he is safe. Man, do not torture me. I cannot help you. I know not even where he is," he went on, with a forced composure. "Do you not remember your vowed vengeance when you declared yourself unjustly condemned? How can I know that you did not despatch him hither to carry out your long-cherished revenge?"

"Dare you repeat that? dare you venture even to say the foul slander to your own heart?" replied Lord Seaforth, rising. "It is enough, Cyril Pomeroy. I see that you are unchanged. As you were in early days, so are you now, selfish, crafty, hard, ambitious. I have given you one chance. I have come to you as one bereaved parent to another; that we might sacrifice our own unhappy remains of life to save their young days from misery and shame. But it is in vain, and I will not scruple now to work out the clue that may lead to revelations you little expect. Look for no mercy from me, even as you have denied it to others," he continued, moving to depart. "Your own son's extremity cannot bring you true and unfeigned repentance and sacrifice."

"Repentance!" gasped the white, quivering lips. "Oh wait—to whom. Speak Guy, speak!"

But Lord Seaforth had strode hastily from the room and the general sank back with a look and attitude of helpless terror.

He dared not ring, he dared not summon his departing visitor to return at any hazard, yet what

might be the consequences of his departure were more terrible than he dared to picture to himself.

Meanwhile, Guy Seaforth hurried along the once familiar passages till, in the perturbation of his mind and the long interval that had elapsed since he had trod their windings, he became confused in the turnings which would lead him to the hall, and, as he suddenly paused at the end of a sort of "blind" corridor, a door opened, and a fair young girl, to whom of course he was a stranger, came forth.

"Where are you going? Whom do you want?" asked Melanie, in her soft tones.

Lord Seaforth did not at once reply. His eyes were fixed on the girl's fair face with a questioning, eager air.

"Young lady, I must ask your pardon, I have lost my way," he said, with an innate courtesy of manner that at once proved his gentle breeding, in spite of the long seclusion that had so entirely rusted, as it were, his old polished air.

Melanie felt a strange attraction as it were to the intruder, possibly from the remarkable likeness of his voice to Eustace Neville's, which even the advance of age had not destroyed.

"This is not the way out of the castle," she said, with a faint smile; "but I will show you the right staircase," she added; "ambition the servants will conduct you to the lodge if you are a stranger here."

In ordinary cases, Melanie would probably have rung for a domestic to fill the office of guide, but there was a kind of instinct that restrained her from the natural impulse.

Lord Seaforth bowed with old-world grace rather than the careless inclination of modern days.

"First, may I ask the name of my fair guide?" he said. "I fancy I can guess who you are, young lady, but I may be wrong in my ideas. Memory is apt to play false at my age."

"I do not think I ever saw you before," she said, hesitatingly. "I am Melanie Pomeroy, the general's niece."

"Yes, and Guy Pomeroy's orphan," added the viscount, quietly, "and, if I mistake not, the gentle nurse of Eustace Neville in his need."

Melanie's colour rushed to her pale cheeks, giving her a tinge of all her former bloom, which had been sadly fading of late.

"Do you know him, then? do you know Mr. Neville, or where he now is?" she asked, suddenly, her eyes glittering with eagerness.

"There has been such a web of mystery and guilt woven of late that it were a very difficult task to unravel it," returned her companion, "and I am at present as ignorant as yourself as to Eustace Neville's fate, even though I am his father."

"His father!" exclaimed Melanie, starting back. "And then you are come to seek him. Thank Heaven!" she murmured, "at least there will be a true friend for him now."

"And your cousin Basil? Do you not want his fate ascertained? his death avenged, if needful?" The girl shook her head sadly at the question.

"Of what avail?" she asked. "Can any revenge bring him back to my poor uncle or console his terrible grief? But if I could discover him, find that he was still living—ay, however suffering or miserable, I would give all I could ever possess for the knowledge."

"Then you love him? You will marry him if he be restored?" asked the viscount, quickly.

"Never," she replied, calmly. "I am quite sure of it. Never."

"Why?" he asked, quickly. "Do you not like him, or does not his father wish it?"

Melanie might certainly have resented such free questioning from a stranger, but there was something in the manner and the tone, and yet more perhaps in his being the father of Eustace, that inspired a submissive confidence—and, in truth, the poor girl was so utterly alone, her nerves and mind were so fevered and shattered by the past that it was a relief to lean on a strong nature, such as the resolute look and air of Lord Seaforth betokened.

"It is enough that I do not wish it, even if I might have been taught to expect it," she said, with a winning frankness, "and he, poor Basil, only looked on me as a sister. I can see it all now."

A grave, wan smile crossed the old man's lips. Perhaps he made a shrewd guess as to what the cause of the enlightenment might be.

"Well," he said, "it is matter for thankfulness if so, for such a marriage never could be. The very stones would rise up, as it were, against it were you at the altar. However, reassure yourself, poor child. I will strive to the very uttermost to carry out your wishes, your heart's desire. And, for your sake, I would even spare, were it needful, the man whom I believe least deserving of pity, the most worthy of punishment—Cyril Pomeroy."

"And for what—why should you be so revenged

on my poor, bereaved uncle?" she asked, sadly. "He is stern and resolute, but he has ever been true and honourable in all his dealings with others, and to me most tender and father-like," she pleaded, earnestly.

"Yes, most father-like," was the reply. "I comprehend perfectly. Heaven grant, my poor child, that you never understand to the full the cause of that same paternal care. I tell you it is the one spot of tenderness in all his hard heart. But the angel may save the house even yet, and the destroyer pass over, when he sees the blood of the innocent victim flowing in pure young veins like yours. Farewell, sweet Melanie. Trust in me. I will never rest, never hesitate at any sacrifice, however heavy, that can bring about the happiness of those for whom life still stretches out its golden vista."

And with a kindly pressure of her small hand the viscount hastily passed on, and in another moment she heard the hall door close behind him.

She stood for a few moments bewildered and motionless. Yet there was a vague sense of relief in her heart, and she returned to her apartments with a less despairing sickness of heart than had oppressed her since Basil's mysterious disappearance from his home.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

"JACOB, where is Esther? Surely you have not dared to molest her in my absence?" said Lena, sternly, as she looked round the tent she inhabited, and to which she had just returned after a brief absence of two days.

"How can I tell where she is? I dare say she has run away, gone to find the young cove who has taken himself off from the grand prison-house yonder."

Lena laughed, scornfully.

"Hush, Jacob; don't insult me by such utter folly. I ask you again what has been the matter, what has taken Esther away at the very moment of my return here? You know well that the unlucky son of you stately line is lying wounded, and dying, if life has not already departed. Do you mean to tell me that she is with him?"

Jacob gave a gruff, meaning look.

"I neither know nor care," he said. "I am fairly tired of the whole business. And I tell you what it is, Lena," he went on, angrily, "there has been too much of all the fine-lady airs and fanacies among our tribe lately since you have been our queen. You send off your girl to those black places where they only teach superstitious nonsense, and make her too proud to mate with an honest and long-descended Zingara lad. And now you school and question me about a silly idiot who broke his head I suppose—so much the better for sensible folk."

Lena listened quietly, but a dark frown had gathered over her brow while he spoke.

"Hachyo, Jacob," she said, "I may be fine lady or idiot or what you choose to think but, at any rate I am your queen and you'll find I can make my laws obeyed as if I were queen of the land. And if you rebel there are plenty of the tribe who will enforce my will."

"Pray what will that be?" he asked, scornfully. "To expel you from the camp for rebellion, and for crimes committed against my orders and without my knowledge."

"Crimes!" he repeated, angrily. "So you condemn me unheard; you take for granted now that this young idiot is out of the way that I have been the cause. It's injustice—madness; and we shall soon see who will succeed, if once we declare war, Queen Lena," and he gave an angry stamp with his foot as he spoke.

Lena paused a moment as if in consideration.

"Jacob," she said, calmly, "whether there is any truth in our boasted power of telling the future is a secret to be kept in our own hearts. In any case, I am at no loss to know the present, or the past. And I tell you, from the very bottom of my heart, that your crime is yet unknown, but if you do not yield to my will it shall be proclaimed to one and all."

Jacob gave a little bound.

"You dare not! you dare not!" he shouted. "It is against every law, even if you were to know for certain that I had done any wrong. But no—you do not—you cannot prove it," he went on, with a forced laugh, "and, therefore, it were more than you dare venture were you to call in those thief takers. I'll have my revenge pretty soon, I can tell you, Madame Lena."

"Peace, peace, idiot," she said; "you speak of what you do not know nor understand. Were you alone at stake, I would soon settle your miserable life; but others, some of whom you have never even dreamed of, are concerned, and, therefore, justice will wait to see what can be done to shield the guilty. But—again I say—if you do not send



Ether to me, and at once, I shall not give you one day more of liberty and peace."

There was something regal in her air that carried a strange weight, and Jacob could scarcely maintain his bravado air, in spite of the rage in his heart, that would willingly have vented itself in words—ay, and in deeds of fierce vengeance.

But ere he could even summon to his lips the reply that would express all the dare of defiance, the door of the tent was thrust open and Esther rushed in, her beautiful face flushed and excited, and her long hair dishevelled from the coils in which it was usually galled up in careless grace.

"Mother, mother, save him, save me!" she shrieked, throwing herself on her mother's neck, "save me from this villain!"

And she gave a glance of loathing at Jacob, as he stood in such ill-concealed confusion and alarm.

Lena paused for a moment as if to consider her answer.

Then, placing the distressed child on a soft pile of cushions in a corner of the tent, she whispered to her a few words and returned to the silent tribunal before her.

"Jacob, you must atone your guilt," she said, with dignified calmness. "And you should be summarily punished, were it for very different causes than any money or fine felony. But it must be on certain conditions that I can spare you, and if you play me false I will instantly take measures for your punishment. Where is this unfortunate boy whom you have wounded, or at least brought to the verge of death?"

"I did not—I will not take the oath that even I dare not break, though I do not fear much from man or fiend," he returned, sullenly. "I never shed a drop of blood."

Lena gazed at him with a smile.

"And if you do not, who will your building?" she said, sternly. "But I am a queen, I am a queen," she went on. "That miserable lad whom you have corrupted, who owes all his sin and sorrow to your teaching. Yes, the whole wicked plot is bare to me now, as if I had read it in your black heart."

Jacob did not reply.

A crimson flush did certainly dye his cheeks at the words, which too plainly proclaimed their truth.

"Now," she continued, "listen to me, Jacob. I must first learn the extent of the mischief you have wrought ere I can act. There, see," she pointed to the spot where Esther lay. "You have well nigh killed her by your treachery. Poor child—poor child! How could you dream of winning her by such means to be your wife? But it is over now, and I shall deal with her and you very differently from your wild fancies. Leave her in peace; dare not to say one word, one syllable in self-defence," she resumed, as Jacob strove to speak in his own behalf. "Come with me now and show me where the victim is. Perhaps it is too late—too late," she went on, with a shudder, "and it is my fault. It lays in a measure at my door. His blood is on my hands. But who could foresee such villainy—such brutal violence?"

She drew a cloak round her as she spoke, and prepared to leave the tent.

Jacob slowly and sullenly followed.

Perhaps he did meditate some act of violence in his extremity.

But Lena quickly guarded against such a possible contingency.

"Ben," she said, calling to a respectable, middle-aged gipsy who was usually her deputy among the camp, "I am going with Jacob to visit a distant part of the wood. I shall not be absent above an hour; but if he or I do not return you will know where to seek us."

And, with a significant nod, she proceeded through the space where the tents were pitched to the dense, unbroken plantation that was more deceiving the name of a forest than a wood.

There was silence as they forced their way along the narrow path.

Lena's keen eyes took especial mark of every turning, so that it would have been very difficult to deceive her on her return, and Jacob seemed rather to linger than to hurry her on her way.

But at the end of some half-hour the man suddenly stopped before emerging into a less densely planted path.

"You promise, you swear to hold me harmless?" he said, eagerly.

"Yes, yes, coward—villain that you are," she exclaimed, impatiently. "I will unless you give me cause to retract my promise—I will shield your miserable life. Only be quick—quick!"

And the next moment Jacob had bounded through the sharp, winding, narrow space, and led the way to the secluded shelter in which stood the shepherd's hut.

Lena's steps were even quicker than her guide's

And ere Jacob had time to reach the latch she had passed into the small rude apartment, where lay the white motionless figure of Basil Pomeroy. The room was so darkened that for some moments she could not distinguish any other tenant of the little dwelling.

But, as she became accustomed to the gloom, she could perceive another figure half concealed behind the plaid that served as a curtain. It was a face unknown to her—young and manly, in spite of its unusual wanness and gloom. And yet it recalled to her memories of days long gone by; and with a flash of comprehension she at once grasped the identity of the stranger.

Eustace Neville—for it was he—at once rose and advanced towards her.

"Thank, Heaven some help has come at last," he said, eagerly. "I dared not leave this place, lest I might never discover the way, to it again and leave him to die alone; but even now there may be hope. I believe he has been slightly rallying since I first entered the tent."

"Who brought you here?" asked Lena, quickly. "Were you sent to spy out the secret of this gentleman's disappearance, or was it an accident that conducted you to the spot?"

"Perhaps I might say both," returned Eustace. "I was on my way to your camp, when I fell in with one of your tribe, and found that my only chance of finding any one who would consent to give a promise not to attempt to escape till the morning was taken off, and then I was brought to this poor fellow's side, and at last could give him some comfort in his last hours."

"Perhaps he may not have been his end as you imagine," she said, calmly, advancing nearer to the couch. "And would it be your duty to leave him to die?"

"And what else?" exclaimed Eustace, eagerly. "He has been in the hands of the savages, and your name disgraced for the sake of his preservation," said the woman. "He has been in all things the very best of your life, though to some extent without his will or knowledge. But let me see what can be done—that is, if it please you to make an effort to save him."

She sat down by the sufferer as she spoke.

Basil was certainly less utterly prostrate and unconscious than when Esther had been torn as it were from his very arms.

There was a kind of vitality in his eye, in the very hue of his skin, that proved some revival of the life power.

And Lena's experienced eye at once perceived the remaining flicker of the lamp, might be nursed into a more steady flame.

She turned again to Eustace.

"Now," she said, firmly, leading him away from the sufferer, and speaking low and impressively, so as not to be overheard, "listen to me, young gentleman. I believe that there is a chance, perhaps even more than a chance, that his life may be saved. But, if it is, your whole future may be clouded, and she you love best may be snatched from you, unless the circumstances of this young fellow's danger and death are used on your behalf. It is for you to say whether you prefer his life or death," she said, with a searching glance.

"You mean that I am to be guilty of 'murder'?" he said, shrinking back.

"Humph! that is a strong word," she replied.

"It would simply be that he would not have what, perhaps, is an almost unknown remedy applied to his case. That is all. You would not be responsible for that. And I tell you again, it is in truth scarcely more than a just retribution for him to be thus sacrificed. You and yours have suffered so deeply at the hands of his father and his kin, and even now they would snatch from you the fair girl whom you love and give her to him, whose hand she should never touch while he or she has life. Think ere you decide," she went on.

"It is no light matter to cast away a life's happiness, nor a life's honour," returned the young man, calmly. "I do not need to pause. It is clear and certain what is my duty. I will rather live to be wretched than to be dishonoured and repentant in my last hour. Do your utmost to save him. I will be the first to be thankful for your skill in his restoration."

Lena gave a little nod of her head.

"Bold heart, noble heart!" she murmured. "Well, it may be that it will find its reward: Yes, I shall carry out your bidding, and then, God only knows what will be the result."

And, turning to the bedside, she began to occupy herself in a more close examination of the sufferer, while Eustace watched her in deep and painful interest.

# CHAPTER XXII.

It was a just punishment perhaps for the proud coquette, but yet Zoe Danvers certainly might fairly have been pitted in the brief interval that was to

elapse before her marriage with the suitor who had rather won her by her fears, than by love.

Eustace Neville, the man she loved best on earth, who had touched the innermost springs of her vain heart, was not only beyond all hope of gratifying her warmest desires, but his very safety was a matter of suspense and doubt. And Evan Leslie refused to give her any further assurance of the fate of the fugitive, till she had absolutely sealed her promise to him by a quiet but irrevocable wedding at Heatherbrae.

"When you have proved your faith, then I will fulfil my promise to befriend Neville to the very utmost," he said firmly; "not till then shall I set those fears of yours at rest."

So there had in truth been no alternative, and Zoe was now on the very eve of the day when she was to plight her faith in the presence of her host, and of some three or four intimate friends, who had been united in order to give the ceremony at least a colouring of publicity to the scandal-mongers, who are ever ready to imagine evil.

It was in truth a strange wedding for a man of Evan Leslie's position and a bride of Zoe Danvers's beauty and attractions.

But the place, after orphanhood and of his wish to spare his betrothed any needless anxiety or suspense was in a measure unanswerable. And the little Claude had managed to persuade her betrothed husband into the remarkable proceeding.

Zoe awoke early on the morning of that day, her wardrobe was prepared for her approaching departure. Her simple but elegant bridal robe was lying on the couch, and all was in readiness for the important change in her life.

Was her inner nature as prepared and as spotless as that white, soft dress?

Alas! No! Zoe knew but too well the tortuous path which she had trodden in her early life, and there was a terror hanging over her which was even more clouding and hopeless than the one great sorrow of her life.

"This is absurd, madress," she exclaimed. "I must shake off the weakness or I shall go mad."

And, wrapping herself in a warm cloak, she walked hastily from the apartment into a verandah, where she would breathe more freely than in the chamber.

Ah! it was the oppression on her own soul, not the air in the spacious chamber, that clogged Zoe's heart's breath.

She passed rapidly once or twice along the verandah, which was covered the whole length of the house, and it was not till the third turn in her walk that she saw a figure quickly advancing towards her with rapid steps, as if to arrest her progress.

"Zoe," said a voice that she knew but too well; "have you forgotten me?"

It was a man who spoke—a tall, slight, but bronzed-looking man, who had a hat drawn over his brow, so as to hide in some measure his features.

But Zoe was scarcely to be deceived. She knew but too well the face and the voice before her.

And a cold, sick despair seemed to seize her as she waited the first time, like one under a spell.

"Zoe," said the voice once again. "Now you know me. Yet you do not welcome back the wanderer."

"How can you expect it? I thought you were dead," she gasped, painfully.

"Perhaps you wished it, Zoe. But no; it is not quite in my style," returned the man. "I have plenty of life in me yet. I would rather not change chances with many older men, I can tell you. And, more especially, if you will stand by me, and cheer my future life, sweet Zoe—as you are indeed in duty bound. You have not forgotten the bright June day that witnessed our little compact, Zoe. I have been true as steel to the vow we then made. You have, I presume, been equally true, my fair wife."

The girl did not shrink, but she gave a low hysterical moan.

"Hush, hush! it is all nonsense, Ernest. It was a mere childish frolic. You could not—you would not—bind me by such a faro. We have repented since then, I dare say. We know better now; and I—I am betrothed to another. You must not stay; it would ruin you—and all," she went on hurriedly.

"You mean that it would ruin you by preventing you taking a new husband," replied the man, sneeringly. "But, unluckily, that would not affect me at all, except for the best. You see, I want you, fair Zoe. You are handsomer than ever; and, besides, I may make good capital out of giving you up, if your lover is really so ardent upon you as would appear. You really must not be unreasonable, and expect too much of me—Zoe."

She shook in every limb.



[FROM LAWLESS LOVE.]

"You are cruel, wicked," she gasped, chokingly. "You know you cannot claim me. You have no means, you have no proof; and yet you would destroy my every hope of happiness—you would cast me on the world in distress and poverty, as a dependent. Ernest, it is impossible you could live with such a burden on your hands, and I—I should be wretched, frantic at my own folly."

Ernest, since that was his name, looked calmly at her agitated face.

"You do yourself and me scant justice, Zoe. I cannot believe a charming girl like you could ever be in the least distressed for the want of a lover. And, besides, I am perfectly reasonable, and if this gay bridegroom is the same we shall get on splendidly. I am quite prepared to make things possible, and to give up every proof of our little arrangement for a consideration—you understand."

"Monster!" burst from Zoe's lips. "To think I should ever have been such an idiot as to give you the slightest hold over me!"

The man did not appear in the least degree disturbed at the unflattering speech.

"You are angry at your little plans being at all disturbed," he said, calmly. "It may be very natural, but it is very imprudent. It were a much better policy to keep me as your friend, to take my counsel and back up all I propose to do. There would be a far better chance of your coming to some arrangement with this same Mr. Leslie," he added, significantly.

"No, no—it is impossible, it is too late," she murmured. "Why, in an hour or so from this time I ought to be his wife. It cannot be, Ernest. No man on earth would submit to the degradation."

"Pardon me, it only gives the better chance," returned the young man, coolly. "Mr. Leslie has no doubt accustomed himself to consider you are to be his wife and to announce you as such to his friends. He will scarcely like the mortification of having the whole affair set aside at the last minute. There, take courage, Zoe, and be guided by me and you will find matters will be all right. If Evan Leslie will not hold to his bargain, at any rate you have me to fall back on. And, upon my word, you are prettier than ever—yes, than the day when we exchanged troth-plights, and I was obliged to tear myself away from my fair bride ere I could well call her my own. Ah, yes, we will be very happy, no doubt, and you might do worse than share a sailor's fortunes," he went on, with an odd mixture of jest and earnest, reckless daring and deprecating pleading.

Zoe gave a deep heaving of the chest, as if on the very verge of suffocation.

"Oh, mercy, mercy! If I could but die!" she

gasped. "I cannot bear this. It is too much, too degrading. Ernest, if you ever did care for me, if you have any pity, then leave me. You are free. I have no proof save what I will destroy in your presence. I will give you all I have, all I can get, only leave me in peace."

Ernest, as she called him, listened to her rather with the contented speculation of an observer than the anxious or angry emotions of an actor in the little scene.

"This is all very foolish, Zoe," he replied, calmly. "You ought to have considered all this before you formed any other engagement. You could not suppose I was dead, without any probability of such a catastrophe being reasonably entertained, and till you were completely freed from the bonds you had contracted you were always liable to this little inconvenience. However, I am fair enough in my terms. I have not knocked about the world for five years without having some philosophy, and, though I really never saw a handsomer girl than yourself, I don't want to force an unwilling bride to throw the burden of a wife on me," he continued. "So all depends on Mr. Evan Leslie's view of the question."

"Which can be easily ascertained," said a voice that sent a pain to Zoe's very heart.

But Ernest was apparently equal to the emergency.

He doffed the cap he wore with nonchalant ease to the new comer.

"You are here in the very nick of time," he said, coolly. "I was urging this lady to give us this opportunity of a confidential interview, Mr. Leslie."

"You have the advantage of me in any case," was the reply, spoken in as unmoved a tone as the address.

There was no doubt of the two being equally matched in coolness and courage.

"Perhaps Miss Danvers will give me an introduction," he said, haughtily, turning to Zoe as he spoke with a bitter sarcasm in his look and tone.

"I will spare the lady that trouble," said the stranger. "My name is Ernest Maurice, and my best claim to your notice is that at the present time I have the prior claim on her hand."

Evan did not start. He was either too well informed or too self-possessed to betray surprise, but his lips were compressed till the blood almost vanished from their veins.

"You mean, I presume, that she was formerly betrothed to you, is it so?" he asked, in a grave, low tone.

"I mean that she was married to me by the form of the Scotch law," was the reply. "I have her

written consent to that effect, which I need not tell you is enough to make her my wife."

Evan turned to Zoe.

"Is this true?" he asked. "Have you dared to deceive me thus?"

"No, no, no," she exclaimed, pleadingly. "Evan, save me. It was but a girlish frolic—I never meant it. I have never seen this person since I signed the foolish paper. Oh, do not desert me. I am yours—yours alone, Evan! I will be your true and loving wife and this miserable claim can never be legal—never!" she gasped, in agony.

"Pardon me. It is perfectly so," interposed the man, calmly. "At the same time, I am open to an arrangement, Mr. Leslie, since really it is a very expensive and useless luxury for a sailor to indulge in, and as what has been stated is perfectly true and we have never met since the paper was signed there will not be any heartbreaking on either side. What say you, Mr. Leslie?" he went on. "I am in a little difficulty about some money matters, and if you will set me straight I will destroy the paper and you shall never hear of me or my claim more. I cannot make a fairer offer."

Evan listened with a quiet composure that boded little good to the speaker's cause.

"I fully appreciate your generosity, sir," he said, "and I can only show my sense of it by an humble imitation. I beg to renounce distinctly and for ever any claim or wish for the hand of Miss—or Mrs. Maurice, as I presume I should call her. Only," he added, with a more uncontrolled fierceness of expression, "only, Zoe, you will remember that all and every promise I made to you is more than cancelled. You have injured and deceived me, and I shall certainly take what measures I can to show my sense of your infamous degradation. You can guess, perhaps, where the blow will fall," he added, significantly. "The bloodhound can soon be put on the track, and it will need very little effort on my part to complete what I have already begun. I wish you all the happiness you are likely to enjoy from so propitious a union," he continued, with a sarcastic bow. "Perhaps you will kindly spare me the trouble of announcing your marriage to Sir Kenneth and Lady Lennox. I shall leave Hesterbrae without delay."

And he turned away, all unmindful of Zoe's whitening cheek and staggering steps, as she strove to follow him.

And it was only in consequence of Ernest Maurice's timely aid that the stricken girl was saved from falling heavily on the ground.

(To be continued.)





# OLD RUFFORD'S MONEY; OR, WON WITHOUT MERIT, LOST WITHOUT DESERVING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF  
"Fighting for Freedom," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER VIII.

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,  
Of dreams that were before the half-shut eye,  
And of gay melodies in the clouds that pass,  
For ever flashing round a summer sky;  
There eke the soft delights that witchingly  
Instill a wanton sweetness through the breast,  
And the calm pleasures, always hovered nigh:  
But what'er smacked of 'noyance or unrest  
Was far, far off expelled from this most peaceful  
nest. Thompson.

THREE months have elapsed, and with them has come a great change in the position of the family whose fortunes form the central point of our history.

The village of Broadmoor is one of the prettiest and most strictly rural in a truly agricultural district. Seven miles of a cross-country road leading to a small market town have to be traversed from the nearest railway station, which is situated on a loop line, with trains at long intervals, shortened only on a weekly market-day.

After passing through miles of magnificently timbered park, the homes of sheep and fallow deer, and by many substantial farmhouses, with spacious barns, stabling, sheds, granaries, barley mows, rick-yards, oast-houses, and grain stacks, surrounded by gardens and enclosures in the highest state of cultivation, you come, as you enter the village, upon a charming old red-brick many-windowed house, of a single storey in height, covered, chimneys and all, with a matted creeper. Its principal doorway is festooned with a gorgeous trained Wisteria, displaying a thousand pensile bunches of brilliant lilac, and winged by two splendid specimens of *Pyrus japonica* all ablaze with their deep crimson blooms.

Its front garden and lawn-drive, of the old Dutch style which prevailed in the reigns of William of Orange and the two first Georges, were a thought too formal in their original design; but nature had corrected this by the ample spread and majestic growth of two dark, feathery Syrian cedars; and of some mighty elms and chestnuts, together with clumps of evergreens, holly, fir, aucuba and laurel, enlivened in spring and summer with blossoms of syringa, laurustinus, barberry, rhododendrons, and guelder roses, while hollyhocks, phloxes, coltsfoot,

[WHAT SHOCKED MRS. CHATTERLEY.]

forget-me-nots, and other bold, old-fashioned flowering plants grew everywhere luxuriantly, as though the air and soil were congenial to them.

On one side was a conservatory of more modern construction than the mansion, and on the other a greenhouse, communicating with the drawing-room, which was in the rear of the house, and opened on another lawn, separated by a wire fence from a paddock, where grazed a pretty dun Alderney and a snow-white lamb of the then present spring, a gift of Cecelia Chesterton, for she was the presiding Grace of this rural retreat.

The residence had originally attached to it many acres of grass-land and park, but these had been let off to a local builder, who had placed thereon several pretty little villas of a second-class character and some rows of convenient cottages; for Broadmoor had slowly increased its number of inhabitants, and this curtailment of the grounds had occasioned a reduction of more than half the rent demanded for the comfortable old mansion known throughout the district as "The Cedars."

The house had attracted the attention of the worthy Mr. Sherlock, the vicar, in consequence of a letter from his friend, Ralph Chesterton, who had asked him to look out for a quiet, substantial residence, suitable for a man of moderate means like himself, and where he might enjoy a studious leisure alternately with the society of gentlemen of similar tastes. Such at this moment was the society to be had at Broadmoor, which, while sharing the advantages of the progress of education and refinement which marks the age, was removed by its position from the deteriorating influences, moral and physical of large factories, with their miserable crowds of pale, toiling workers, and the thousand and one social evils which attend the herding together of the poor and over-tasked mechanic and artisan, while the millionaire parvenu and millowner indulge in a vulgar splendour and ostentatious profusion that exclude from their circle the man of limited means, refined tastes, and the proper pride of gentle birth.

At the head of this little community in wealth and importance was the family at "The Grange," as the Manor House of Broadmoor was styled. Sir Robert Percival was a baronet of old lineage, and the owner of almost all the village of Broadmoor and much of its vicinity. His ancestral park, with an avenue of spreading beeches more than a half-mile in length, was a sight at during many a season to the admirers of woodland scenery. The Grange itself was one of the few remaining moated houses of the transition period, when the country seat took the place of the "castle" of the earlier and more troublous times. Yet the Grange had its tra-

dition of siege and battle, and had been stoutly held for King Charles by an ancestor of Sir Robert Percival, until, after a gallant defence, it fell to a division of the Parliamentary army under Fairfax, the marks of whose culverins and sakers were written on the battered walls and facing-stones of the old gateway and on a barbiican at an angle of one of the flanking-towers, which commanded an extensive and lovely prospect of the beautiful country, dotted with farms, villages, and church-spires shooting from among the dense foliage of the grand timber-trees, till lost in a distant view of the tall chimneys of the smoky county town on the far horizon.

Sir Robert was proud of his descent, and it was known that his father, grandfather, and himself had all at various periods declined the offer of the peerage, justly esteeming the dignity of one of the oldest families of the landed aristocracy greater than the newest patent of nobility.

For the rest, Sir Robert Percival was a man ambitious of praise, arbitrary when opposed, proud, impatient of contradiction, and certainly fond of money, in the power of which he had a firm belief. He had formerly held a seat in Parliament, but had retired upon finding—that every man must find—that in the mighty metropolis a country baronet is little more than a nobody; while in his own county, of which he was high-sheriff, a deputy-lieutenant, colonel of yeomanry, and chairman of quarter sessions, Sir Robert Percival was a great man. His education had been liberal, and his talents were certainly above mediocrity. He had travelled, mixed much with the world, and consequently his manners were polished and his address prepossessing.

Sir Robert was a widower, Lady Percival having died in giving birth to his youngest daughter. His family consisted of a son and heir, Pennington Percival, fast approaching his majority, who was at Balliol College, Oxford, and preparing, like many young men, for the bar, though without the remotest intention of ever pursuing the profession of an advocate; his elder daughter, Amina, who was in her seventeenth year, and the youngest; Louisa, in her fifteenth. Sir Robert was a resident landlord, and, with the exception of four months in the height of the London season (which now opens in latter April or early May, and ends in mid-August), dispensed the hospitalities or enjoyed the retirement of the Grange and the society of the best families of the county. Among these the nearest neighbours of wealth and position were the Pennington family, the head of which, Lord Pennington, had stood sponsor at the font for young Percival, and whose only child, the Hon. Augusta Pennington, now eighteen, had for some time—say four

or five years—been "marked down," as a sportsman would say, by Sir Robert Percival as the most eligible match for his son. Nay, so often had Sir Robert cogitated the remarkable fact of Lord Pennington's only son having lost his life in an Alpine adventure and no male heir therefore remained to perpetuate the title, that the union of the two estates, and the assumption of the compound name of Pennington-Percival, or Percival-Pennington, by his son, as Lord Pennington, of Pennington, seemed to his eyes as visibly written in the Book of Fate as if it had been printed in the clear type of Sir Bernard Burke's "Peerage and Baronage of England."

Passing a family or two of lesser note, we come to the excellent vicar, the Reverend William Sherlock, the incumbent of Broadmoor and occupant of the pretty old parsonage close by the ivied church, not a hundred yards from the Cedars, and in the centre of the village.

Dr. Sherlock was married to an excellent woman, who had presented him with eight olive branches, a sufficient charge for a scholar, a gentleman, a man of good family, and a Christian to educate and bring up on three hundred and fifty pounds a year.

Of these we shall only note the eldest, named after his father, William, and who at sixteen had already made his mark by carrying off several of the highest honours at the Royal Naval College, he being intended for the service dearest to Englishmen, and with which our great national manna are linked.

Moreover, William Sherlock had the advantage of the patronage of a relation, who bore as high command in the navy, whose interest at the Admiralty might serve him in his profession, and who had further promised to take the young man on active service on board his own ship in the Mediterranean as soon as his nineteenth year and his education should be completed.

Then there was Dr. Halliwell, M.D., the physician of Halliwell House sanitarium; Mr. Abner Ashten, the surgeon, and Mr. Parsament, the village attorney, all of whom were of the ordinary stamp of rural professional notabilities.

There were also two or three families, one of which must not be overlooked, who held a sort of amphibious position, and occasionally mixed with the highest, now and then with the middle or upper middle class, but never, oh, no, never visited or recognized "low sort of people," as they termed the local tradesmen of the place and master mechanics.

Of these the most distinguished was the family of a widow, Mrs. Colonel Macgregor, who, with three masculine-looking, large-boned, marriageable daughters, occupied a very plain, square brick-built villa, also at the entrance of the village, and near the Cedars.

This lady, who made a point of visiting wherever she could obtain access, was according to her own account, related by blood or marriage to half the peerage of North Britain.

Born a Campbell, she had early married a soldier of fortune, in India, and borne him three daughters. On his death she had returned to England, with a widow's pension, and some small assistance upon occasions from some of her aristocratic kindred, to economize in the retirement of Broadmoor for nine months in the year, and so recruit her finances to bear the expense of a short "season" at some fashionable watering-place, where she felt sure some eligible husband or husbands must be picked up for one or all of her "dear, unprotected girls," as the match-making old campaigner styled her strong-minded daughters. As yet, however, the husband or husbands had not presented himself or themselves, and Mrs. Colonel Macgregor lost no opportunity of expressing her surprise and indignation at the abominable backwardness of the present generation of young men, not one of whom had in three seasons proposed to take either Victoria, Helena, or Alice off their clever mamma's hands.

To this family the arrival of the "Chatterton people," as they termed them, was an important event; and especially when they found that its junior branches included Reginald, a good-looking young bachelor, of the age of twenty-three. The sensation which the two young persons, Reginald and Cecilia, occasioned when upon the first Sunday after their arrival they entered with the vicar's family, and occupied seats in his pew, was nowhere more marked than in the pew of Mrs. Colonel Macgregor, where the three Miss Macgregors, the leaders of fashion in the eyes of the unsophisticated natives of Broadmoor, sat in awful and imposing state.

"The fact of the new comers being introduced by the vicar's family," said the eldest Miss Macgregor, "removes any hesitation one might feel in calling upon strangers until one has ascertained their position in society." And, accordingly, no sooner had Cecilia and Reginald been housed at the Cedars than the whole female trio were

seen sweeping round the broad gravel pathway, and having sent in their names, and been asked into the visitors' parlour, in twenty minutes they had "interviewed" Cecilia and Reginald; and were each of them prepared to give a full, true, and minute account of the manners, behaviour, mental calibre, bodily conformation, intellectual cultivation, moral character, and idiosyncrasies of that young lady and gentleman as the most inventive and imaginative Yankee special correspondent that ever interviewed pope, prince, preacher, or pickpocket for the edification of his readers.

## CHAPTER IX.

This weak impress of love is but a figure.  
Trothed in time, which with a summer's heat  
Dissolves in water, and doth lose its form.

When your good word cannot advantage him,  
Your slanderous name endangers him.  
Never trust him. *Shakespeare.*

Time passed pleasantly in the tranquil retreat and country surroundings of Broadmoor for almost two of the Chatterton family. The occupation was Reginald, between himself and his father and sister, though not without some of their own for him had cooked or baked, there was no longer either of them, that community of soul, that frank interchange of thought and feeling, which had marked their previous intercourse.

The married bliss of Cecilia had opened its flame through the small chinks of the neighbourhood, ever increasing like a pebble thrown in a stream. Her husband, who was of a cheerful and a small, but cheerful, and gathering round of the village and local choir, at which Mrs. Percival had assisted, had so delighted the young lady, whose acquaintance as a prominent figure of the Grange when it had been made public about them, a passing invitation to the Grange quickly followed.

Neither Reginald nor Cecilia, and the verdict of Sir Robert Percival (usually an unhesitating possessor of moderate merit) fully bearing out the opinion of Amina, the communication between the Grange and the Cedars became most intimate—so intimate, indeed, that the Miss Macgregors did not scruple to say that "of all the intimate, forward, self-sufficient, presuming people they had ever heard of these Chattertons were the most audacious, in thrusting themselves on the Percivals in every way. There was Pennington (they always called great people familiarly by their Christian names), actually coming Miss Chatterton home, and returning immediately on foot in a shower of rain. And then there was young Chatterton actually bringing down Amina to the hymn, practice of the charity children."

"And would you believe it?" said Helena Macgregor. "Mrs. Chatterley tells me that they—I mean young Chatterton and his sister—are both asked to the Grange party picnic on the day of the Broadmoor races, and that they have tickets for the county ball at the 'Golden Hart' Hotel at Smethwick in the evening; while we, who have come to bury ourselves in this country hole for three summers, have not been even asked to one or the other! Mamma, I think we ought to purchase tickets for the ball, at any rate—they are to be had at Hick's library—and not allow ourselves to be out of all good company by these impudent Chattertons."

"I am sure, my dear girls, I entirely agree with you," said Mrs. Colonel Macgregor. "But it will require some tact and management in the matter of the tickets. Don't you think, Victoria, if you were to propose to buy two tickets and tell young Halliwell your intention, but ask you could not think of going without mamma, he might offer to buy more?"

"Possibly," replied Victoria. "but he's more Helen's beau than mine, mamma—that you know."

This was said so incisively that it cooled up that young lady.

"Neither mamma, nor you, madam, nor anybody else knows anything of the kind; and if young Mr. Halliwell prefers paying me any particular attention while you are present, it is not from any neglect or backwardness on your part in calling his notice to what you have to say. I do not flit with—"

"Hush, hush, my dear innocents, for Heaven's sake! here's Mrs. Chatterley half-way down the front walk. Oh! my dear Mrs. Chatterley, how kind of you to look in. You were the very last person we were speaking of. Vic and Helena have just been arranging about going to the county ball. Do you happen to know anyone who will be driving over to Smethwick that evening?"

"Yes, young Halliwell just told me he had looked in at the Cedars and found that the two younger branches there were invited to go with the Percival party. What think you of that?"

The three sisters simultaneously declared their disbelief of such a monstrous proceeding.

"You may depend upon it," continued the lady, maliciously, "it is quite true. Nothing goes down with them—I mean Mr. Pennington and Amina Percival—but Reginald and Cecilia that. Indeed, I think, Mrs. Colonel Macgregor, that somebody of weight," and here she lowered her voice to a whisper, "should lose no time; I think somebody of rank and weight, like yourself, Mrs. Colonel, should see Sir Robert and warn him of what's going on. Why, would you believe it? I would not, had I not seen it from my own garden with my own eyes. There was this young Chester, then, a comparative stranger, up at the Grange with his sister this very morning, by ten o'clock, and an hour afterwards there was Mr. Pennington philosophizing with Miss Chatterton in the Laurel Walk; and exactly had I swept the view with my field-glass, as I stood concealed behind a tree, when their eyes banded them once Reginald Chatterton and Amina Percival, laughing and laughing, she dangling her garden basket by its strings in her left hand, while her right arm held a basket of field flowers which the young gentleman had gathered, no doubt at her request. Did you ever hear of such doings? I am sure, Mrs. Macgregor, that the girls of our day would have the thought of such forwardness with a young man upon such short acquaintance. Do you not think it right that Sir Robert should be made aware of these clandestine proceedings?"

"Certainly, my dear Mrs. Chatterley; but I fear you overrate my influence with Sir Robert Percival. Though he has certainly asked my advice on several important family questions, and has a good opinion of my decision and knowledge of the world, I should hesitate to interfere in such a matter, unless I were asked a question, when it would be my duty to conduct nothing. I agree with you that such familiarity between young people in such widely different positions in life is extremely dangerous and highly improper, unless with the consent of parents."

"I think, mamma," interposed Alice, "that I could tell you and Mrs. Chatterley how Sir Robert might have his eyes opened to what is going on. An anonymous letter could be easily written, stating the position of affairs, and if Sir Robert did not then and then act on it the consequences must fall upon himself."

The young lady's advice was approved, but no one had the courage to write the letter—at least, at that time; and so, as Sir Robert was away on a visit in Devonshire, affairs went on in their accustomed course.

## CHAPTER X.

It was a lovely morning in May; a refreshing night shower had been followed by a glorious sunrise. The diamond dewdrops glittered on every sprig, the last rose from his tarry bed, and, soaring to "heaven's gate," filled the fresh morning air with gurgles and thrilling melody. The velvet green sward, the broad, majestic oak, and the tiny green blades that twinkle in the sun were alike grand or beautiful. Each spot had its appropriate spring garment; the woods, the footpath, the hedgerow, the river bank, all were dressed in beauty. On such a morning, fair and pure as the flowers that surrounded her, Cecilia Chatterton took her way, after an early breakfast, towards the Grange, where she had promised herself to spend a pleasant hour with her dear pupil Amina, in reading "Evangeline," a poem upon which their conversation had turned on the preceding day, and in practising an air from "I Paritani," "Son verga vazzoso," in which the singing of Persiani had so delighted Amina on the occasion of her visit to the opera when in London.

Book in hand, Cecilia took her way by a field path, avoiding the village.

On arriving within sight of the village clock, she was surprised at finding that it yet wanted more than half an hour to the appointed time, so she turned aside into the Laurel Walk, of which we have already heard from the glib-tongued Mrs. Chatterley, all unconscious that while its tall, leafy screen on the right hand intercepted all view from the village road, but she lay within plain-sight of Mrs. Chatterley's binoculars, to whom the warning of the passers by or listeners in the favourite churchward path was an accustomed amusement.

"Bless me!" exclaimed that inquisitive lady; "why, what can this mean? Miss Chatterton, as I'm alive, out and dressed, ay, and spruced up too at eight o'clock in the morning, when nobody but ploughmen and labourers are ever seen abroad. I wonder what that black thing in her hand is. I do believe it's a telescope. Ah, she's going to read a book, the silly thing!"

And read a book Cecilia did.



Nature never did betray  
The heart that loved her: 'tis her privilege  
Through all the years of this our life, to lead  
From joy to joy; for she can so inform  
The mind that is within us, so impress  
With quietness and beauty, and so feed  
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,  
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,  
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb  
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold  
Is full of blessing.

Thus read she in an undertone, totally unaware of what was seen by the vigilant Mrs. Chatterley, who thus gave vent to her surprise and satisfaction:

"Well, I am right in my conjecture after all. The artful mix! It's an assignation, and there she walks, poring over the book, as if she couldn't see him, and didn't expect him, and didn't know he was coming down the park-road. Well, it's clever, but rather odd, I must confess. He's got his arm on his arm, though it's not the shooting season. What funny things young people in love do, to be sure. Now he's looking at the book and along the barrel, and trying the hammer, and making as if he didn't know where his lady love was waiting for him. He's after no game that's out of season, I'll warrant."

This colloquy of the good lady was occasioned by Pennington Percival making his appearance on the hill side, that led from the Grange to the village, his way lying along the very Laurel Walk, and through the churchyard. He had turned the bend of the road when, to his surprise, he beheld Cecilia intent on her book, coming leisurely towards him.

He was that day to return to Oxford, and he had arranged in his own mind, after a call to lend a tenant farmer a gun, according to promise, with which to frighten small birds, that he would call at the Cedars, and bid a respectful farewell to the Chestertons. Yet the young man felt he was deceiving himself. Was it a mere respectful farewell? Not to one of the family at least. His heart throbbled painfully with a new emotion; the colour rose to his cheeks, his blood tingled on his forehead, and the next moment he fairly turned back, hastened round the turn of the road by which he had advanced, and, having got out of sight of Cecilia, halted irresolutely.

Why, he knew not, but he felt that his fate was sealed if he met those dove-like eyes and heard that silvery voice at that moment. Pennington Percival was a brave man, chivalrous and courageous, but he did not dare at that moment to face the simple maiden who had won his heart, all unawares to herself, and almost without its owner's knowledge. Mrs. Chatterley was highly amused, though somewhat mystified.

"Well, they say women are capricious and whimsical, but what are the men I should like to know? Here's a pretty young girl—for all admit she's pretty—throwing herself in the way of a handsome, rich young baronet, of course quite promiscuously as they say, and she won't see him when he's right before her, and he runs away and hides himself, that she may have to look for him. Ha! ha! It would serve him right if she walked by and didn't notice him at all. Why, bless me, she's doing it just as if she heard me tell her."

At this moment the chimes of the village clock struck upon Cecilia's ear.

She hastily closed the volume and went on her way with a light, elastic step.

"Bless me—yes—no—yes—why, she's coming right upon him, and—and—why, he's put his arm behind her waist, he's leaning over her—he's seized her hand—he's on his knees! Well I never, and almost in a public path too; was there ever such goings on! She's turned back—she's left him!"

And Mrs. Chatterley was right. The scene to a distant spectator was nearly as she described it.

As Cecilia quickened, her pace unseem by Pennington, the agitated lover was surprised by her almost sudden appearance.

He advanced a few steps to meet her.

"My dearest Cecilia—I mean Miss Chesterton," said he, as he read the alarm and flush of anger in her ingenuous countenance. "I assure you this meeting is purely accidental. Yeh—yet," and he felt his words choking him, "why should I strive—why conceal my adoration, my honourable love, my admiration of the excellences of the only woman I have ever spoken to in the language of the heart?"

"Mr. Percival, this is not right—this surprise and those words are not courteous, nay, they are not manly. I am but a weak girl, in a sphere too humble to aspire to share your high fortunes; and my duty tells me that I ought at the earliest moment to ask my dear father's advice as to the course I should pursue in the painful position in which you have now placed me."

"Pardon—pardon me," said the young man, in moving tones. "I entreat your pardon. Recall

those words, and though my heart should break in the trial I will not, I swear, intrude myself on your presence until you forgive me. I return this very day to Oxford, there to resume my studies. Say that you do not despise me, say that you forgive—forget this moment of madness, and Cecilia, I will live for you and for you only. What am I saying, dearest Cecilia?"

"You are saying that which I cannot listen to, I am Miss Chesterton. One concession do I make—I will not betray your indiscretion to any one. Banish me from your thoughts, save as a sincere friend, and seek to atone for this folly by avoiding me save when I am in the company of your dear sister. Adieu; I must hasten away. I am too much unnerved by your conduct to see my beloved Amins for the present. I return whence I came, and must insist that you see me no more until your next return to Broadmoor. Till then, adieu!"

Cecilia released her small hand from his grasp, hurried along the path by which she had come, and was quickly lost to the view even of the quick-sighted Mrs. Chatterley. Young Percival watched her also, then turned slowly and sadly towards the Grange. He had forgotten all about the gun, the farmer, and his small birds.

"Well, I do declare, I know what some people will be very sorry to know, but it's my duty to tell them. What an explosion there'll be up at the Grange, and I shouldn't wonder if it ended in those Chestertons having to leave the neighbourhood. Well, that's their look out, not mine. What a pretty budget for those gawky Miss Macgregors! I wonder if either of them would run away from a declaration by Sir Pennington Percival—or any other man, for that matter. Well, the young musician, as Mr. Primby, the postmistress, calls her, has set her cap pretty high, to put a peeress's nose out of joint; for the story runs that Lord Pennington's daughter, who'll be a peeress in her own right, is meant for her father's godson, young Percival, just to round off the estates, which will then be best part of the county. Well, man proposes—no, he don't propose now-a-days at all, so Mrs. Macgregor and her daughters say—man proposes and Heaven disposes, and young Pennington Percival, if he means to have Miss Cecilia, will have to get her without the ceremony of the plain gold ring, or go without her altogether. But, as this is a matter that won't keep, especially with my dear friends, the Macgregors, I'll just put on my bonnet, step down, drive 'em all horn mad with the full particulars, and turn all their arrangements for the picnic clean topsy-turvy."

And Mrs. Chatterley certainly lost no time in carrying out her amiable intention, with the full effect she had anticipated. For Mrs. Macgregor was seized with a sudden headache, and Miss Victoria, Miss Helena, and Miss Alice, after a fearful quarrel, conducted with most sisterly spite, malignity, and cold-blooded savagery, were each confined to her room by a bilious attack; so that the picnic at Broadmoor was deprived not only of their excellent company but of that of Pennington Percival, who was en route for Oxford, and of Cecilia and Amins Percival. For the last-mentioned young lady, alarmed at her dear and parental friend's non-arrival, had hastened down to the Cedars, where she found Cecilia so really nervous and feverish that she positively refused to leave her, and did not do so until the latter rallied herself and accompanied her in a walk at sundown back to the Grange.

(To be continued.)

## THE MASTER OF GLEN HOLLOW.

### CHAPTER II.

I SEEMED to lie floating about in a dark abyss full of strange sights and confused noises, trying to cry, and finding no voice with which to give it utterance.

But at last a blessed calm. Some one, with a far-off sound, as if from another world, came and said: "She will live."

"Thank Heaven for that. It goes against my heart to see a young and beautiful woman die."

It sounded sweet to me, and I fell asleep. When I awoke again the sun was shining, and Raleigh Edenton sat at the foot of the bed.

"What is the matter?" I asked, in a vague way, as if I was hardly conscious of it.

"Matter enough!" he answered with a smile, raising my limp hand and counting the pulses. "You were thrown by Selim yesterday morning—can you remember? My brother ought never to have allowed a lady to mount such a brute!"

"It was not his fault," I cried, hastily.

"You are made of good blue Damascus steel. Not a bone broken."

"Was I hurt—very much?" for it seemed to me that I could not stir.

"We could hardly decide whether you were alive

or not till past midnight," and he looked earnestly at me.

"How did you come here?"

"I was summoned to the funeral. At two I must leave you, as that will just give me time for the services. There, you must talk no more; I have explained all that is necessary."

He carried my hand to his lips. A few moments afterward the doctor entered. Being drowsy, I soon fell asleep again.

The party reached home Tuesday of the following week. I was still weak and bruised, but could begin to sit up a little. The doctor declared that I owed my life to Raleigh Edenton rather than him.

They all came to see me, and were really thankful it had been no worse. Raleigh was charming. Howard gave as usual, and yet he would watch me strangely. One day, soon after, I said:

"I want to ask a great favour of you. Do not tell Selim. He was frightened that morning. It was not viciousness at all. I ought to have let Martin exorcise him awhile first."

"But you thought you were wise. I shall not part with him, because I like him, but I shall provide you with a more manageable steed. My mother predicted this in the beginning."

"Oh, I cannot give up Selim!" I declared, with tears in my eyes. "You don't know how well I love him. There isn't anything in the world—sincerely—"

"I know you think so. Well, you can still see him and caress him, if you find no worthier object for your love."

There was a faint smile in the last part of the sentence.

"I have not, thus far," I exclaimed, angrily. "There is so little here—"

"I am well aware of that," was his reply.

Raleigh entered at that instant, and glanced curiously from one to the other.

"Have you been scolding Miss St. Vincent, Howard? Come, I will not have that. She must get well as soon as possible. And so far as I can learn, her accident was not the result of imprudence. Martin thinks her a wonderful equestrienne."

Howard turned without a word. Raleigh took the chair beside me, and began a pleasant chat. What expression came into the eyes of the younger? A sudden, half-mischiefous exaltation stirred me, and I made myself doubly agreeable, swayed by the dangerous mood.

I do not believe any woman would have ventured to flirt with Howard Edenton. He was too honest; his penetration kept you in check. He rarely complimented; he had none of the caressing manner common to some men, that makes the proffer of the slightest thing a delight to be remembered in secret. As for his loving me, such a preposterous thought never entered even my foolish head. He knew his brother was bound or entangled some way, and he was resolved that I should run no risk of danger. But since I was equally wise, what danger was there?

It was weak and wicked, I know; but I did yield to the temptation. I drew Raleigh to my side, proud of my power. In spite of Howard and his mother, we found many opportunities, and the secret understanding between us had its fascination. He managed to drive me out in the pony chaise, to take short walks with me as I grew stronger, and my singing did entrance him. And, with a girl's unreasoning folly, I delighted to pique and outwit Howard.

So passed September. I heard incidentally that the Edentons had quite a legacy left by their great uncle. Howard was absent nearly a week on business. Mrs. Edenton, in spite of her housekeeping cares, kept a strict watch over me. The first evening after his return I came in alone from a short walk, though Raleigh had been my companion. The two were talking earnestly, and as I passed through the hall I could not avoid hearing a few sentences.

"No, mother, you must not tell her. It may be nothing beyond girlish amusement and vanity, and I will not have such ideas put into her head. She is so young, so innocent—"

"There was another who was young and innocent, but it did not save her from a heart-break."

"He must go; that is all—"

I was out of reach of the next words, but I knew well who it meant. I laughed gaily to myself, brushed my curls, and went down to the drawing room presently, but neither of the gentlemen made their appearance. Mrs. Edenton appeared constrained, and, vexed at the loss of my expected entertainment, I soon made an excuse to retire.

The next morning before I left the room I espied a tiny note slipped under the door. I opened it in surprise, and cast my eye down to the signature—Raleigh Edenton. It ran thus:

"Urgent and unexpected business compels me to

leave this morning without the sad yet sweet pleasure of a farewell. I hope you will miss me a little, otherwise my vanity would hardly be satisfied. I shall drop in again when you are least expecting me. May I hope not to be forgotten?"

I joined the family at table.

"Raleigh had to go by the early train," announced his mother. "He left a good-bye for you and regrets. I daresay we shall all miss him."

"I know I shall," I replied, with more vehemence than was actually necessary.

"We must try to keep you from getting too lonesome," Howard replied. "The weather promises to be magnificent now and there are many pleasant excursions to take."

I found they were resolved that I should think as little about Raleigh as possible. Howard became very entertaining. I remarked how much he had improved since July. The thin cheeks had filled out, the sallow skin was clear, with a faint ruddy glow, and the whole figure seemed to be toned to manliness and decision.

And yet he was less firm than heretofore. I found that I could coax and persuade. I even made him consent to my riding Selim again. I was eager, capricious, and wilful. We disputed, and sometimes I aulked a little for effect. He soothed and commanded by turns, but he never overstepped the boundary between us by so much as kissing my hand, though I laid more than one tempting snare. This wounded my vanity cruelly.

I did tire of it presently. I had to confess that all my little arts were powerless. I was simply a child in his mind, never to be considered an equal or a woman.

Raleigh did come unexpectedly, and kept Christmas with us. There was something about him that I could hardly fathom. With all my girlish vanity I did not honestly think of his loving me, and I could not believe that he would lead me on to deception. He was very discreet before other eyes, but alone there was a peculiar intensity in his manner that made me fear him, armed as I was with his secret. But I began to realise that he was as fascinating as any of my book heroes. I dreamed over the tone of his voice, his glance, the pressure of his hand, and found myself once again an object of peculiar interest to Howard. I knew he meant to save me from an unwise love or unhappiness, and because I could save myself I tormented him daily.

Raleigh entered the drawing-room one evening, where I sat playing, and began to pace up and down. I turned, and saw that his face was flushed and drawn with vexation, and as he came nearer I paused.

"I must go away again," he exclaimed, abruptly. "For three years they have worried me to visit Glen Hollow, and now they cannot get rid of me too quickly."

"The place will be so dull without you," I said, almost pettishly.

"Will it?" he asked, with a sudden light in his eyes. "You do miss me, then?"

I flushed, and felt that it was hardly safe to reply. "I tried to persuade mother and Howard to go to town on your account."

"Oh, if they would! There is so much to see, to enjoy, in the winter. And this is so dreary."

"But they will not. They both consider you so young."

"I was nineteen in November," I interrupted. "Am I to stay here for ever? To lose the enjoyments of youth? To have no one—"

"No lover—was that what you meant? Adele!" and a look came into his eyes, overspread his face, in fact, which made me thrill and shiver with a kind of fatal knowledge.

"Yes," he went on huskily. "It is best that I should go; I am too old for you, child, and it might end by my falling in love with you, and you can marry much more wisely. Tell me one thing—do you love any one?—not myself; I have not that much vanity."

He grasped my hand, and pressed some burning kisses upon it.

"Who have I seen to love?" I answered, with a little forced laugh. "Mr. Crawford surely wouldn't want me."

"Then keep your heart free until some good man asks you to marry him. There! I came near being a sentimental idiot. Go on with your playing."

I felt hurt, offended. A little more anger and dignity would have given me strength to leave the room, but I sat on until Howard and his mother entered. Mrs. Edenton asked for a song, and I rendered it miserably. Everybody felt distraught. What had happened? Would Raleigh love me if he were quite free?

He went openly the next morning, but the farewells were cold. Then the house sank back to its

former quiet. The weather was bitterly cold, the snows deep. Mr. Edenton much engaged with a book about to be published, Mrs. Edenton kept a prisoner in her room by a sprained ankle, and I came to feel lonely, neglected, dispirited. I suppose I was ill-tempered and disagreeable. Why, I should have been happier earning my daily bread than thus kept out of sight, an absolute prisoner, I thought. I began to hate Howard Edenton.

So we came to March. They were all well enough now, but I held aloof from them. One evening I went down to the library for the second volume of a book I was reading, and took my way through the drawing-room. To my surprise, there stood Raleigh Edenton, talking.

"You will marry her then, Howard? I am glad some amends can be made. I was blind to risk a penny of her money, but it promised so fair. And I have nothing wherewith to make it good."

"If she will have me. You forget that."

"A man can win a woman if he tries."

I came forward then, my face scarlet, my pulses throbbing, the hot, indignant blood surging at my heart. They stood before the fireplace in the blaze of the great logs. I went close up to them, with my book in my hand, and said, in a voice I tried to keep steady:

"I did not know you were here, Mr. Edenton, but I will take this opportunity of saying that if my fortune is lost, I will not be bargained off for the sake of a home or support."

Raleigh Edenton staggered.

"Tell me the truth," I said.

"I thought to double your fortune. I wanted to do it—well, I would have done anything for your sake. I might have known better. I am not one of the lucky ones. Everything alights through my fingers. Yet Heaven knows I am sorry enough. But Howard, here, loves you. Don't act like a foolish, romantic, headstrong girl."

"Do not distress yourself. I am not sufficiently mercenary to marry any man for a home, and I am not in love with Glen Hollow. I have a gift that will bring me in a competence."

Howard turned aside with a groan.

"Why don't you speak?" cried Raleigh impatiently. "Coax, persuade! Why are you blind and dumb. Oh, Heaven! if I were in your place!"

"Hush!" I commanded, with a strange, new dignity. "Mr. Howard Edenton will not add insult to my loss. I will not be bargained away through pity. Women can be brave in emergencies. Good night."

It seemed as if I was ten years older as I walked slowly up the stairs. I had chafed and fretted to get away—here was my liberty, come in a moment.

I went to my writing-desk and took out a letter I had received that day from a school friend, Ada Clement. She was teaching music and singing in a church and living simply but comfortably with her mother. She besought me to pay her a visit before the musical season was quite over. Among other matters, she spoke of the position of the soprano in their church being vacant shortly.

"If you were poor I should beg you to come," she said. "Yours is not the voice that one would willingly allow to rust out."

I answered her letter on the spur of the moment, and it went by the morning's mail. Mrs. Edenton tried to comfort me. Raleigh, she admitted had always been a source of anxiety. How Mr. Weyburn, knowing him at all, could have trusted any business to his hands, was a profound mystery to her. Howard might be able to save something out of the wreck, but he would make the rest good. I should not be so great a loser.

I waited impatiently for my answer. Ada was sweet and cordial, anxious for me to come, if I thought it best, and had learned already that I could have the position if my voice were adapted to the church.

When Howard returned I begged leave to visit my friend. I needed a change. Indeed, I said what was true enough, that I should have desired to go in any event. They could not refuse me. So I made my preparations, resolving never to return.

Howard was so cold and self-contained that I was surprised to hear him take up the subject of marriage. I could only decline the honour.

"Would you be satisfied to marry a woman out of pity?" I asked scornfully.

"I think I could teach you to love me. It is not pure pity on my part. I should have asked before if I had seen any sign of tenderness for me, but I feared, nay, I knew; I am not wholly blind. Oh, child, that you should have given your heart so uselessly! For Raleigh—"

"You are quite mistaken. I am not in love with Raleigh Edenton."

"But you do not love me. Ah, why? Will you not even give me a chance?"

"I cannot marry you."

And I turned away.

He was not a man to importune. I believe I had always thought a little of his marrying Miss Glyndon.

I could have loved Raleigh Edenton very easily. Aunt Craik's warning alone had saved me from the snare.

But Howard?

I went to London. Miss Clement took me in with the tenderness of a sister. I gained the position in the church, and did more—found an opening with a troupe of opera singers; that roused my ambition.

I could be famous, and win a fortune. It would take years, but I had nothing else to do. So I began my practice.

When Raleigh Edenton found how philosophically I bore my loss of fortune he came to call upon me. I began to understand the man's refined and fascinating selfishness.

Did he fancy that I had given up Howard for him? One evening he questioned me very closely, and I resented it with much warmth.

"Adele," he began, in an almost fierce passion, "I have been fighting a fiend for both our sakes. I have no right to say it, but you must listen. I have loved you since I held you in my arms one night thinking you were dead. When I saw Howard, I read his secret too. He was free, I was bound with a chain of some miserable boyish folly. She was not a woman to be proud of to take to the old house, and place by my mother's side. She went there once, but no matter now. Some fiend led me to torment Howard, and your waywardness helped."

"It was not that only," I returned. "I knew you were married."

"Did they warn you?" and he glanced up in stupid astonishment.

"No, it came another way."

"Thank Heaven! Oh, Adele, let me do one generous deed and plead for him. He is quiet, reserved, self-contained, because he has lived so much in solitude; but he is good and noble, and loves you with the one love of his life. I am a counsellor beside him, but I thank Heaven that I have not broken your heart."

There was small credit due to him, however; I felt that bitterly.

"Will you not give him one more chance?"

"He must make his own opportunities," I said, coldly. "Even if I loved him, I would not marry him for a home."

"What a proud little thing you are. Oh, Adele, if I were free he never should win you."

I snatched my hand away from his caress. Ah, how wild and foolish I had been to dally on the very verge of temptation. I began to hate myself for it. Would I ever look noble and honest in my own eyes again?

For three months I studied and practised faithfully. I began to feel weary and worn. I had a month's holiday, and then, if I accepted, work was to begin in good earnest. I would, of course. There was nothing else to do.

"Mr. Edenton," announced Ada's little maid, late one afternoon.

I turned impatiently, and then flushed. It was Howard, grave, but so well and manly-looking, so assured, that I involuntarily shrank back.

"Poor little girl," he said, "how pale and thin you are, and your roses have sadly faded. Are you not pining a little for Selim? I know he longs for you. I have come to finish some business and get it off my mind, and then I think I shall have courage enough to ask a favour, and persistence enough to take no denial. But you do not even offer me a chair."

I did then, and asked about Mrs. Edenton, who was unwell. And then came the important matter. She had been very fortunate in recovering a large amount of money they had thought lost, and out of this she had insisted upon replacing my fortune. It was already in the hands of trustees, subject to my order; if I did not take it, no one else would ever touch it.

I disputed and protested, but for once I found my master. I could see how firmly he was in earnest. I was pained, angered, made myself ridiculously obstinate, but of no avail. I knew then how much he loved me, and began to feel afraid of him.

"Then I have come to take you back to Glen Hollow. It is a stupid place and you are lonesome there, but you need rest. You are a wilful little thing, and I shall take you prisoner for a month. When you are rosy and well once more I will let you go—if you want to."

Our eyes met. Mine faltered and then drooped under his steady gaze. He held out his hand and I laid mine in it.



"Child," he said, with much passion, "can you be so cruel if you mean nothing? I must have all your heart. I know now that none of it was ever given to my brother."

I leaned my head on his shoulder and cried with a sense of overwhelming humiliation.

"You are too good," he said. "I distrust sudden conversions."

"But I can never be good long at a time," I made answer.

Not a whit discouraged, he took me back to Glen Hollow. My month's holiday resolved itself into years. I ride Selim and occasionally torment Selim's master, for the sake of being sweeter afterwards. We think the world lost a great musical acquisition, but Howard declares that I brought into the family the only element it lacked. Mrs. Edenton is a happy and indulgent grandmother.

A. M. D.

## THE COINED HEART.

### CHAPTER I.

MR. JOHN PINCH was a miser, but he did not live in an old, dilapidated, time-worn house, he did not wear rusty and ragged clothes, he did not stint himself in everything the world calls comfort. No, he was too cunning for that. He was as fond of power, of influence, of name and credit in society as he was of money, and he laughed within himself and called it an excellent joke that people would walk by his elegant house, look up at his windows of coloured glass and his damask and lace curtains, and say: "Here lives one of our rich men; what fine times he must have, and how happy he must be. He, no doubt, accomplishes a great deal of good, and helps a great many poor folks"—helps poor folks, indeed. Of course, when there is a fair chance of the world's knowing it, when Mr. A. and Mr. B. will hear of it, when perhaps it will creep into the public prints—help the poor, of course he did.

There is more than one kind of miser in this world, or rather there is your modified miser, if I can make myself understood, who does what good he does from evil and selfish motives, and nothing at all from generous motives; who scouts the idea of disinterestedness, who seems everything, and is nothing. Such a man was Mr. John Pinch. His family was obscure—that is to say, the Pinches who had gone before him were mere nobodies. His father had been a shoemaker, and I suppose you could offer no higher insult to Mr. John than to ask him if his boots pinched.

Mr. Pinch although a miser was worldly wise; if he had not been, he never would have been rich. He was very smooth-faced and eloquent. He was exceeding entertaining in company, full of anecdotes, witty at times, and occasionally sharp, oh, very sharp, on lazy people, lazy people that were always ill and had a score of children. He always gave them good advice, a great deal of it, but then he felt himself bound to exercise a little discrimination in regard to giving them money. What he, a rich man, go and visit the poor and ill. Yes, and because he was miserly. For no other reason on earth than that he was miserly. Mr. John Pinch took a great interest in public schools. He wished to carry out and sustain our public institutions, but after an economical fashion. He didn't believe in paying high salaries. He wanted men to learn the value of money. When he was a young gentleman, he didn't enjoy advantages like those possessed by the advancing generation, and teachers and pupils ought both to consider that they cost the public a great expense. For his part, he was as ready as any man to do what was right in the abstract, but where was the use of paying fifteen hundred pounds where a thousand would do just as well?

"What a man you are for always seeing how exactly what will suffice, no more no less," said a neighbour to Mr. Pinch on a certain occasion.

"Ah! indeed, Friend Brown, you have me there," replied Pinch, rubbing his hands. "My rule is to look at the little things. My motto is Pick up the fragments so that none shall be lost."

"And yet, Pinch, you're a generous man. You don't stint yourself. You live like a prince."

"To be sure I do! Why not? I have found the philosopher's stone. A grain of sand is nothing in itself, but a great many together make up the seashore. Economy, that's the word, I like it. By spelling it right I got up to the head of my class in school once, I never forgot it. It's a beautiful word. If a man ever wants to get rich he must throw nothing away. I have no compassion for those people who are always complaining that they can't get along. Nonsense, sheer nonsense. Any man can get along if he's a mind to. Watch the times. watch men, watch yourself."

"But, Pinch, there must be a starting-point. A man can't make a fortune in a day."

"I know it; that's the very thing. The tortoise beats the hare. Men are too rash, speculative, headstrong now-a-days. They all make haste to be rich. Be wise first, rich afterwards. Remember the parable of the steward, the five talents, the three talents, and the one talent. A man doesn't want but one talent, and that's economy."

It will be observed that Mr. Pinch was "full of wise saws." He prided himself on these. But there is such a thing as theory, such a thing as practice. We shall see how far Mr. John Pinch followed the course he dictated to others. We shall see whether or not Mr. Pinch was a generous man. We shall see whether he loved his fellow men so tenderly as he professed.

### CHAPTER II.

MR. PINCH, as we have intimated, did not seem a miser to the world—far from it; and I suppose that it must be acknowledged he had no idea that he was one himself. He had started with nothing, entering the great metropolis a poor boy, but determined to carve out his own fortune. We shall not attempt here to detail the different steps and stages he went through ere he arrived at the station he held at the commencement of our story. From small beginnings he had come to be a large and extensive merchant, and generally respected in the community. Only a few knew the secret workings of his heart; only a few knew the idol of his ambition and worship. This was gold and worldly distinction. Yes, this man, who should have been the last to offer homage to mere name and mere wealth, this son of a poor, despised shoemaker, would unto his fortune and destinies with the titled and the great. This was the one great cherished object of his life. Mrs. Pinch, who was a worthy, respectable woman, had died some years since. He had married her when he first started in life and could make no pretensions; but now matters had changed. Whereas he had been poor, he was now rich; whereas he had been unnoticed and disregarded, he was now well known and looked upon as a leading man. He did not intend to marry again himself, but he had a young and beautiful daughter. On her rested the hope of carrying into execution the dearest object of his soul.

Clara Pinch was not quite eighteen. She was beautiful in mind and person. Her complexion was neither that of a blonde nor a brunette. Her form was neither slight nor full; indeed, without being extravagant, one might say she was just the beautiful ideal of a lovely woman. Her eyes were of a dark, deep blue, her face oval, her chin well out without being too pointed, and her mouth like that of a cherub.

When she smiled there was perceptible the slightest dimple in the world, and her lips parted to exhibit a row of beautiful, even white teeth. But you should have looked upon her features when in repose to appreciate her beauty to the full extent. There was a sort of gentle, half-subdued melancholy, or pensiveness, or whatever other term may designate it, in her face, which told, even to a careless observer, of a thoughtful, meditative disposition. Yet there was really nothing in her character calculated to make either herself or others sad. The melancholy was of a poetic, ideal cast, softening, tranquillizing, like the dark shadings of a picture.

She was one whom to know was to love, and the little corner in her father's heart, which was not yet coined into gold, was reserved for her. As far as he loved anybody he loved her.

We record the following conversation between them. We would premise that the style of Mr. Pinch's conversation was always tender and affectionate, as if his heart were overflowing with "the milk of human kindness."

The father and daughter had just finished tea, and were sitting in the drawing-room. Mr. Pinch reading his evening paper and Clara engaged over some embroidery or other article connected with a lady's wardrobe.

Mr. Pinch put down his paper and said:

"My dear Clara, we are to have visitors, the young Count Bernsteln and his mother. He has been in this country some months, but has never visited our city. I am not yet acquainted with him, but he brings letters from one of my correspondents, and I shall take the earliest opportunity to invite him to my house, and I shall expect you, my dear, to treat him and the lady in a manner suitable to their rank."

"I will do all in my power, father, but it seems rather a strange idea that a nobleman and his mother should visit at the house of one whom they have never known."

"Not at all, my dear, not at all. You don't understand these things. It is courtesy, and I will be

behind no man in courtesy. Clara, you are looking exceedingly well this evening—a lover would say you were charming. What would you say to a lover? Wouldn't it be a fine thing to be told of your beauty and grace by a man younger than myself and standing in a different relation towards you? How would you like it?"

Clara blushed ingeniously, and replied:

"I can't say how I should like it, and, moreover, this I know, that I have no desire to attempt to find out. I am happy, quiet, contented—what more can I ask?"

"Ah, my dear, you do not know yourself. Let me assure you that young ladies become soon wearied with the dull monotony of everyday life when they discover their power over the other sex. A fondness for innocent coquetry immediately springs up, and they make their plans and exercise themselves in skirmishing with all the zeal and ardour of an ambitious general."

"Coquetry, my dear father, as I regard it, cannot be innocent. An inferior man is hardly worth trifling with, and a man with a noble heart I would not insult by pretending an interest in him I did not feel."

"Tut, tut, my love! you are becoming sober before your time. I hope you will prove no exception to the majority of your sex. But we shall see. Now, my dear, for the account. Really, I believe I must make you my head book-keeper yet."

Either from the allusion to the head book-keeper, or the daily account which Clara was compelled to submit to her father of the house expenses, she blushed deeply and seemed confused.

Her father noticed it and seemed surprised, but he said nothing, merely asking again for the account. She then answered:

"My dear father, I am heartily weary of this custom of making a daily account of our ordinary house expenses. It is, indeed, too much like book-keeping, and certainly," she continued, with some degree of archness, "you would not have a young lady who is about to enter upon coquettish skirmishing converted into a merchant."

We would remark here that this rule was a strict one with Mr. Pinch, at home or abroad, indoors or out, that everything in the shape of expenses should be put down in account, and be afterwards submitted to his supervision. Of late this duty had devolved upon Clara, and she, like any other noble-hearted and spirited girl, felt that it was irksome and unlady-like, and had determined to say quite as much to her father.

"That is neither here nor there," said he in reply, and with some asperity of manner. "It is necessary that everything should be conducted by method, and whoever is negligent in matters of this kind will never be rich. To-morrow I shall expect the account as usual, with that of to-day added. Look to it, my dear, for a habit of strict economy has made me what I am. A little care never hurts anybody."

"Well, well, father, I will attend to it in future, so that you take it not so to heart."

We will pursue the conversation no farther. Let this suffice for an index of the character of each; on the one hand, the father, strict, careful, calculating, and concealing his purpose when it seemed expedient, the child frank, simple, warlike-hearted, neither deceiving herself or suspecting others. Never, with all his bland exterior, were two human beings more different in character than Mr. Pinch and his child. He knew her; she did not as yet know him.

The careless manner in which she spoke of the approaching visit of Count Bernsteln and his mother and then dropping the subject with a light joking on love had an object in it.

### CHAPTER III.

AMONG the clerks in Mr. Pinch's counting-house we shall notice only two—the boy and the book-keeper. The boy's name was Bartholomew something—and what that something was nobody knew—and it is doubtful if he himself knew; or, if he did, it had been so long forgotten that he never considered it worth recalling. He himself delighted in the appellation of "Bart," and was therefore almost universally called Bart.

He was a most eccentric genius. Mr. Pinch had met him in the street, and, attracted by his peculiar physiognomy, and discerning by his answers to his inquiries that he was a boy of considerable portness, concluded to take him into his service.

He was now about sixteen years old, but he had all the swaggering independence of a man of twenty-five. We cannot forbear a word or two of description respecting him.

His form was slender, and bent over in such a way as to acquire for him the title of round

shouldered; his forehead low and retreating; his eyes black, and twinkling in an exceedingly fair complexion; his nose, which he contended was a beautiful out-water, was long and hooked, turning rather a short corner toward one side of his face.

It was a sharp, clear morning in October. Bart had opened the door and swept out, as the saying is. He had gone to the door to look at the surrounding premises, and to shake his broom in the eyes of any unfortunate individual who might choose to be passing, when a little girl, some four or five, or it may have been six years of age, approached him timidly and said:

"Please, sir, give me a few pence to buy some bread for mamma and myself."

Bart struck down his broom firmly, rested his chin on the end of the handle, and said:

"Once more, ladies and gentlemen, with your permission."

The child seemed rather surprised at his strange answer to her request, but not knowing what else to say, repeated it.

"My dear child," said Bart, blandly, with a sort of mock paternal air which was ludicrous in the extreme, "go on, persevere, and set your mark high. You are in a fair way to learn the business. Money is nothing."

We would observe here, in order that our readers may understand the bearing of Bart's remarks, that this was a favourite mode Mr. Pinch had of talking to his clerks. Excepting to Henry Mendon, his head clerk, he paid none of them a stated salary, and whatever they may have got by way of perquisite descended entirely on his generosity.

The child, not at all understanding or appreciating the burden of Bart's advice, began immediately to cry, and to say she was hungry.

Bart gazed at her steadily for a moment, then saying, as if by soliloquy:

"This, ladies and gentlemen, with your permission once more, is the half-starved kangaroo, otherwise called the crying hyena. It measures fourteen feet from the tip of the nose to the end of the tail, and fifteen feet from the end of the tail to the tip of the nose; it lives on air, and is a most wonderful animal for consuming Indian vegetable pills."

He plunged his hand into one of his deep pockets, rattled some loose coin there, gazed at the clock on the opposite side of the way, then, looking Mr. Pinch's office, he took the child by the hand and started off with her at a rapid rate, muttering, as he went:

"Come this way, ladies and gentlemen—one more animal yet—the most wonderful of all—and the last I have to show you."

Not a great while after Henry Mendon, Mr. Pinch's head book-keeper, came down, and seemed very much surprised to find the door locked and Bart gone.

Just while he is waiting on the footway we will improve the opportunity to have a look at him, as he is destined to play quite a conspicuous part in the events recorded in this narrative.

How finely shaped he is; tall without being out of proportion to his general size—neither too slim nor yet too stout. Mark well his breadth of shoulder, observe the muscle in that arm—whether you or I would like a blow from it. But do you notice his face? How regular the features, how fine the contour. That lip slightly curved betokens manliness and firmness of character. We are not near enough to perceive the colour of his eyes, but I make no doubt they are black. A blue eye would not become a face like that. Nature cares more for her credit. Not that I do not like a blue eye. I do, but in a woman. A black eye, say I, for a man. In repose 'tis handsome, but lighted and flashing the effect is grand. Oh, yes, by all means a black eye for a man.

I will tell you something of Henry Mendon. When he entered Mr. Pinch's counting-house he was a poor orphan boy. His mother, herself something of an invalid, was left almost entirely destitute; but, deserted and lonely as she was, she felt it her duty to send Henry into the world to provide a maintenance for himself, and if possible, to aid her in some slight degree. With nothing but her blessing and a Bible, her parting gift, almost too young to appreciate the sacrifice his mother was making, he bade her farewell, and came to Mr. Pinch, who wanted a smart active boy from the country, and hearing of him, had written to his mother to send him on trial. He came, and by his own exertions alone he got to be the highest and confidential clerk of Mr. Pinch, in one respect more fortunate than our friend Bart, as Mr. Pinch started with paying him a salary, which he increased in proportion as the increased in years and value.

He was really a favourite with Mr. Pinch, an invaluable treasure in his own estimation, and in this particular Mr. Pinch manifested no incongruity of

character. No; there was nobody in the world understood his own interests better than Pinch, and he had sense enough to see he was subserving it by retaining in his service a young man so competent and faithful as Henry Mendon. He invited him to his house, permitted him at stated intervals to visit his mother, professed an interest in the letters he received from her, asking kindly if she were well, etc., and in fact in a thousand ways acting like a father to him. By a most natural consequence Clara and Henry were frequently thrown into one another's company, and it would not seem strange to us, although neither of them thought of such a thing, if a strong and lasting attachment sprang up between them. They had never cared to ask themselves anything at all respecting their relation to one another, and the most which as yet was evident to the mind of each was that they were always happy when together. But the time was now coming, as Mr. Pinch said, when Clara must begin to think something about the beast, and her ingenuous blush at mention of the head book-keeper in connection with the conversation on that subject—which the reader doubtless remembers—plainly enough shows to my mind, at least, for the first time in her life the thought struck her whether or no Henry Mendon was anything like a beast.

She knew that he had always been good to her—even thoughtful of her happiness and comfort; but this would hardly make him her lover. Whenever she was downhearted he was sure to do his best to comfort her and to make her life as cheerful as it was possible for him to do. Well did she remember when some harshness on her father's part made her flee from the grand mansion and take refuge in the summer-house in the garden. There she sat, with her work lying upon the table beside her, and her hands folded idly upon her lap.

There Henry came suddenly upon her. She had not heard his step, nor was she aware that he had stood for several moments gazing in through the open door upon her.

He called her by name as he came in, thus announcing his presence. With loving words he comforted her, although his voice trembled as he spoke. Evidently there was something upon his mind which he wished to say, but dared not.

Looking back upon that time, she often wondered whether or not he had not thought then of declaring his love for her.

Yet she was not sure that this existed on his part. It was only a suspicion of her own that this might be the case. It might be that he, only her father's book-keeper, would not dare to aspire to so high a mark. But when she thought of him she said to herself that he was a man worthy of a far better wife than she would ever make him.

Henry did not wait long for Bart; but when the latter came he did not reply to his question of "Well, Bart, where have you been that you keep me waiting a little?" but only muttered:

"There is no mistake, ladies and gentlemen, this animal has not tasted food for three days; it lives forty miles from any land, and fifty miles from any water."

On Henry speaking a second time, however, he recovered his senses, and, saying: "Good morning, Mr. Mendon, sorry to have kept you waiting so long, but the performance is about to commence, the curtain will rise straight off," emphasizing the word straight, he took the key from his pocket, opened the door, and Henry passed in, he immediately following.

Bart had been to provide a breakfast for a starving mother and her child, and whether the half-starved kangaroo or any other of the animals belonging to the circus of which Bart was a member, unbeknown to Mr. Pinch, had given him any idea of what hunger was in its actual development. Never had he seen the kangaroo with its sharpest appetite devour food so ravenously as that mother and her child.

Yet, spite of her destitution and poverty, she looked like one who had been handsome in her day, who was now but a wreck of her former self. She told something of her history to Bart, and his sympathies were awakened.

He never knew the sweet reward of charity before—at least never to so full an extent—for the boy had a kind and generous heart.

He promised the woman he would call again, and perhaps find her some occupation, and he kept his word.

#### CHAPTER IV.

"MR. MENDON, we are making preparations for a distinguished visitor," said Mr. Pinch to Henry, in his blindest manner, as he entered his counting-house on the same morning with Bart's adventure. "Any letters this morning?"

We would remark that Mr. Pinch called Henry

"Mr. Mendon" in the counting-house, but elsewhere Henry.

"Yes, sir, one."

"Ah, a letter from my friend A., respecting Count Bernstein."

A copy of which we here furnish.

MR. PINCH—Dear Sir.—Count Bernstein has been with us some weeks. He has created a great sensation. He will no doubt prove a great accession to your fashionable circles. He has letters of introduction to you. I endorse them by sending with him a letter of introduction from myself personally, I take such great pleasure in making you acquainted with him. I know you will like him.

Yours respectfully, A.

N.B. The ladies are mad after the count. He will be with you in a few days. Tell my little friend Clara she must beware of her heart. The Count's mother does not accompany him.

"Very good, very good indeed that—Clara be aware of her heart. Well, we shall see, we shall see," said Mr. Pinch to himself, complacently, handing the letter to Henry to read. He wished to see the effect of the announcement on his favourite clerk that a real nobleman was going to visit him—John Pinch, Esq.—at his own house, and a noble in regard to whom it was said, "Tell my little friend Clara to beware of her heart."

Henry read the letter with some curiosity, having known before that it was not a business letter, and perceiving the pleasant smiles it excited on the face of Mr. Pinch; but when he came to the postscript and saw what was said of Clara, spite of himself, he blushed in an exceedingly embarrassed manner. He was surprised and confused entirely out of his wits, so that Mr. Pinch could not but notice it; but he did not for a moment think of the cause. The idea of Henry Mendon in connection with his daughter Clara would have been so monstrously absurd in his estimation that he would as soon thought himself crazy as to have entertained the thought. Henry Mendon and the ledger of John Pinch, Henry Mendon and the journal of John Pinch—not Henry Mendon and Clara Pinch.

A few days passed on and the count came. He was alone, entirely unattended. A few words may not be out of place here in description of his personal appearance. He was a man apparently of about thirty years of age, and, on the whole, good-looking. There was about him an air of gentility and polish, which told plainly that he was well versed in the conventionalities of fashionable society. His well-trimmed whiskers, the peculiar tie of his cravat, the fit of his coat, and a thousand little things of the kind which no one but a connoisseur would notice and appreciate showed his unexceptionable taste in dress. In a word, he was what might well be considered under the term of a man of the world, taken in the most enlarged acceptation of the law.

"Take him for all in all," he was calculated to fascinate the heart of John Pinch, Esq., merchant, as that individual had never been fascinated before. Report said that he was rich, and that alone was enough to catch a heart after the stamp and workmanship of Mr. Pinch.

It can be a matter of no wonder, then, to the reader that Mr. Pinch was shaken, as it were, out of his natural equilibrium. In the shortest time imaginable the news got wind of his arrival, and cards were showered upon the count thick as flakes in a winter's storm; but Mr. Pinch had him, and people might see, if they chose, whether Mr. John Pinch wouldn't keep him. Pinch showed his ridiculous ecstasy even in the street. "Nor on 'Change was it different. His manner seemed ever to say, 'Elbow room! stand back, ye vulgar,' and let John Pinch pass, John Pinch, the host of his excellency, Count Bernstein."

The time passed on speedily, as it always does in seasons of gaiety and hilarity, and there were parties and balls and concerts, at all of which Mr. Pinch took pride in exhibiting his noble guest.

I know not, but trust me, thy colour fled, and thy hand trembled, whenever thou sawest Clara Pinch and Count Bernstein enter together the box of John Pinch, thy master, at the opera door—simple, salaried clerk. What rest then to John Pinch and his thousands? What rest then in comparison with the rich, titled Count Bernstein?

As we have before intimated, others were ambitious to snatch the prize from the hands of Pinch. They would have the count visit their houses also; they would introduce to him their daughters likewise.

But the count was by no means zealous to take his departure from the house of Pinch. He liked, he said—and Pinch's ear was ever open to flattery—the frank, open, hospitable manner of his host. He reminded him, by his good cheer and his fair daughter, of the "rare old English gent-men" that he had heard so much of. His excellency was very flatter-



ing and very felicitous in his remarks, and to compare Pinch to a rare old English gentleman was very good, very good indeed, and as like the kindness of his excellency. And so these two men, each hugging himself with the belief that he was outwitting the other, shot back and forth their famous darts.

Count Bernstein had heard, too, of the great riches of Pinch, and he thought a fair share of these and the daughter, by no means his most insignificant treasure, might possibly become his own. Report might say what it pleased of his own wealth, but it still had room for a moiety, or less, of Pinch's gold. For counts are not always rich, and effort and labour are often preferable in that respect to rank and title.

And what thought Clara Pinch of her new admirer? She hardly knew herself. Since he had arrived it had been all gaiety and bustle, and she had had no time for reflection. She attended the public entertainments in company with him and her father, but she did not ask herself what people would say, if she did not see him and his no more.

Satisfied with being pleased for the time being, she did not think of the future. In a word, like any other young and inexperienced girl, she was carried along, involuntarily, in the whirl of excitement, and her powers of reason and judgment were for a while suspended. So true it is that friendship, and even love itself, must, from the constitution of the human heart, yield occasionally to thoughtlessness and vanity.

But soon people began to talk of something more remarkable than even the parties and fêtes of John Pinch, Esq., or the fascinating appearance of his noble guest.

The papers announced, with sensational notices, and it was in everybody's mouth, that every other night, until further notice, Madame Ferate, the remarkable head-dresser and equestrian, would appear at one of the theatres. It was said that a panther would be introduced from his cage, being first lashed into fury by its master, and that this woman, alone and on horseback, unarmed and defenceless, would meet him, and, by a chain known only to herself, calm down his rage and bring him to her feet.

Although the theatre where the exhibition was to take place was not one of very fashionable resort, the novelty of the thing had induced people to break the prescribed limits, and, for the time being, offer it their patronage. It was, therefore, on every evening in which Madame Ferate performed crowded to excess. Everybody went, or everybody was going.

This was the theatre to which our friend Bart was attached, and he was, it may be readily conceived, full of the excitement of the thing. He talked of nothing else at the office, protesting it expressed the half-starved kangaroo by all odds.

On a certain evening, then, the Pinches got up a small party to go. Mr. Pinch invited Henry Mendon to make up one of the number, and Henry, partly from curiosity, but more from a desire to notice the appearance of Clara, who would of course be accompanied by Count Bernstein, was induced to give his consent.

They went at an early hour, but even then the house was well-nigh full. The most fashionable gentlemen, the most beautiful ladies, dressed in their gayest style, were there. One absorbing feeling of curiosity seemed to pervade the assembly, and hardly could their patience be restrained, to such a pitch had the excitement been carried, till the proper hour for the curtain to rise. The Pinches occupied a box near to the stage, or rather arena, as it might be called, being generally appropriated to the use of the circus, or horse theatre, or whatever one may call a place where a circus company acts plays. After the curtain had risen, in the background might have been seen several cages in which wild animals were confined, but they all appeared peaceful enough. The orchestra, meanwhile, played two or three overtures, and the delay served only to increase the general excitement.

The count observed that he had witnessed an exhibition of similar character before, but that the performer was a woman of different name from Ferate, so that he was as curious as any of the rest of the audience to see if the performance would equal that which he had seen. In a short time a low, fierce growling was heard, and all turned forward, with eyes riveted upon the stage. Then it increased, gradually becoming louder, till it was almost frightful to hear. And yet no panther was in sight, but the beasts in the other cages began to be restless, and it was plain enough that the animal would soon appear before the public gaze. A moment more and a man came forward wheeling a cage which contained the panther. Attached to the door of the cage was a chain, which the man held in one of his hands. In the other he carried a long stick, pointed with iron, with which he goaded the panther, already enraged

to fury. Another moment, and he stepped into a box reserved for the purpose on one of the wings of the stage, and pulling with the chain which he still held, the door of the cage flew open, and the panther darted out like a flash. The whole audience started involuntarily, as if looking for a place of refuge, forgetting that he could not come near them, so terrified were they for a moment by the escape of the infuriated panther. He gazed wildly at them, plunging here and there at the bars placed between him and them, and turned towards the other animals in the background, which were also screened from his reach, but were now raging in their cages like himself and snuffing at the bars which confined them.

The whole scene was one calculated to excite feelings of terror, but in quicker time than we have occupied in describing it Madame Ferate appeared on the stage, and directed her horse towards the panther, which at the same moment sprang at him as if he would tear him into ten thousand pieces.

The destruction of horse and rider seemed alike unavoidable when Madame Ferate spoke a single word and the panther loosed his hold immediately and fell back, crouching on his fore-paws, with a low, deep growl, as if disappointed in his vengeance.

Not for a second did Madame Ferate take her eyes off him—if she had, all was lost. With a bold, steady gaze, her eyes met his, and it was difficult to tell which flashed the brightest.

You could have heard a pin drop. There was a deep, breathless silence, when, still gazing on him, she spoke again the word she had pronounced at first. It melted down the wild animal as if by magic, and with a peculiar purring sort of a noise, like that of a cat, he seemed to answer her. A smile passed over her face, and she bent forward in her saddle, and looked at him as a master would look at a dog he loved. And the look and feeling were, or appeared to be, reciprocated, and the panther rose from his crouching position and stood erect before her, and as she beckoned him he followed her entirely around the stage, as a dog would follow his master; and then, bowing to the audience, she passed off the stage, he still accompanying her, to where the panther's master stood ready to secure him.

When she had left the stage people looked around at one another as if they had been in a dream, and would see if the effect were the same on others as themselves; but this feeling was but momentary, and was followed by loud and deafening plaudits. Madame Ferate soon appeared, clad in a different costume, her horse gaily decked in garlands. She then went through several feats of horsemanship, some of which were almost as remarkable as her encounter with the panther.

She was a fine, noble-looking woman, and one could seem to see in her dark, flashing eyes the secret of the spell which had charmed the panther. Her face was deadly pale, and her eyes somewhat sunken, showing that she had lately suffered either from sickness or distress, but this only heightened the interest which they could not but feel in her.

All the audience were intent upon the scene before them, or they might have noticed the strange appearance of Count Bernstein. He did not for a moment take his eyes from Madame Ferate, but he trembled and started, now bending forward and clenching with his hands the rail of the box in which he sat, now leaning back again and drawing his hands across his eyes, as if to clear away something which obstructed his vision.

The Pinches were themselves too much absorbed in the performance, like the rest of the audience, to observe it, but there were two in that assembly whose notice it did not escape. One was Henry Mendon, the other was Madame Ferate herself.

Henry Mendon had reasons of his own for regarding the movements of the count, and he was struck, as well he might have been, by his strange appearance; and a nice observer might have seen that every time Madame Ferate approached, in her evolutions, the side of the stage on which Pinch's box was situated and met the almost wild gaze of the count that she, too, seemed moved, and shook and trembled in her saddle.

But of this anon. Other performances were enacted to pass away the evening, and when the whole was gone through people asked one another, as they left the house, who this strange woman could be.

This question Henry Mendon asked the count. He seemed embarrassed, but he smiled and said, sweetly, in a whisper, she was "probably some poor outcast from society who followed the business of a circus for a livelihood." But he knew something more than he said, and that Henry Mendon firmly believed; and at the same time he began to mistrust him.

On the morrow the excitement had increased with respect to the wonderful performances of this strange

woman, and the curiosity to know who she was ran higher than ever before.

The count was taking notes with John Pinch, Esq., and conversing lightly with his fair daughter Clara, when a servant entered the room, saying a visitor wished to see him immediately.

Pinch protested against it, saying his friend could call at some more seasonable time, but the count excused himself, saying he would despatch the business, whatever it might be, in a few minutes, he left the table.

He started back as he entered the room where the visitor was. Why start? It was only a woman.

Madame Ferate stood before him.

"I am here," she said; "I will follow you, while I have strength, over the wide world, wherever you go. You cannot fly from me. Look to it that you deceive not the fair girl who knows you not so well as I know you. Look to it, for a time of reckoning is at hand."

Then followed a long and serious interview, after which Madame Ferate left the house of Mr. Pinch, and the count returned to the dining-room, looking pale and agitated in spite of himself.

He quieted the fears of Pinch by saying he had been importuned a while by an old servant of his father's family. But he did not tell the truth as he spoke, and his burning cheek bore witness to the falsehood. He thought, foolish man, that no one saw Madame Ferate come or go, but he was mistaken. Our friend Bart saw her come, and came with her, and waited for, and went away with her.

(To be continued).

**EGYPTIAN HALL.**—Miss Emily Faithfull's lectures on the American poets are thoroughly instructive in their character. They are pointed, full of thoughtful and appreciative criticism, enriched with many well chosen quotations, and are agreeably delivered.

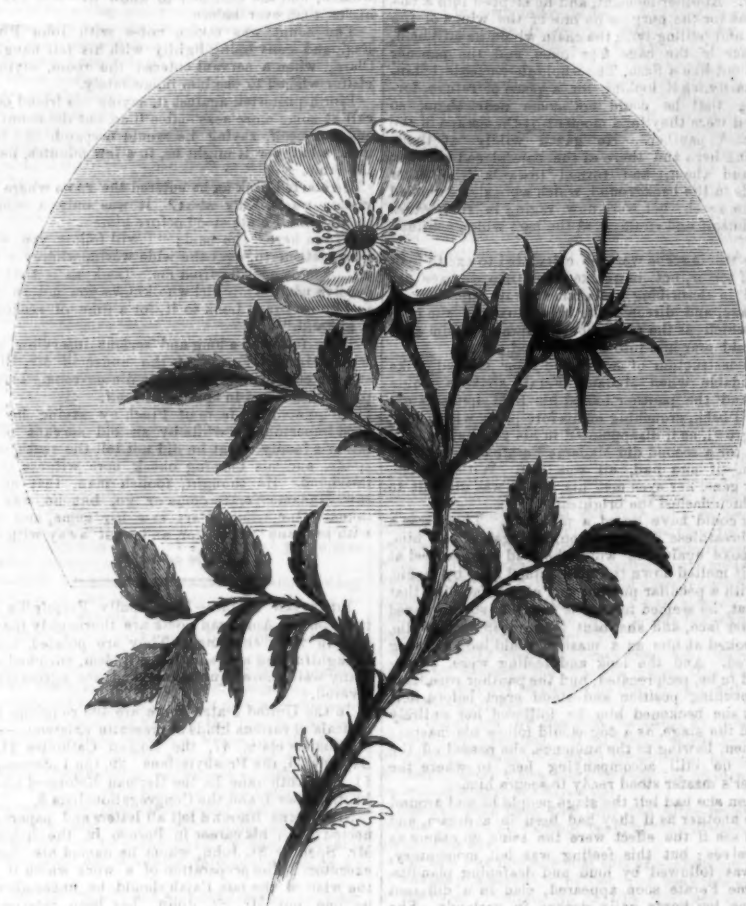
In the United States there are 400 religious periodicals of various kinds at present in existence.—The Methodists claim 47, the Roman Catholics 41, the Baptists 35, the Presbyterians 29, the Episcopalians 11, the Lutherans 14, the German Reformed Church 14, the Jews 9, and the Congregationalists 8.

St. James Brooke left all letters and papers connected with his career in Borneo in the hands of Mr. Spencer St. John, whom he named his literary executor. The preparation of a work which it was the wish of the late Rajah should be undertaken by no one but Mr. St. John, has been retarded by that gentleman's diplomatic appointment in Peru, but the publication of the book will not be long delayed.

A MARVEL of mediæval calligraphy and writing has been recently sent to Paris by an English bookseller, who bought it for 35,000*fr.*, and is on the look out for a purchaser at 42,000*fr.* It is a psalter from the monastery of St. Hubert, in Ardennes (Luxemburg), and is known as the psalter of Louis the Good. It is written in gold uncial; and contains verses in honour of the king to whom it was presented. The binding is on one side of ivory admirably chiselled, on the other side of wrought silver representing the king who owned the manuscript. This psalter was described by Mabillon in the seventeenth century, and since the end of last century had been considered as lost.

At the close of the Royal Italian Opera season, Madame Adeline Patti will go to Dieppe, whence she returns in September to sing in concerts at Brighton, Birmingham, and Manchester, under the direction of Mr. Kuhe. On hearing of the destination caused by the recent floods around Toulouse, Madame Patti at once telegraphed to Madame MacMahon and M. Balanier offering her services at a benefit performance in the Grand Opera. It is needless to say that the aid thus tendered was gratefully accepted, and the representation will take place on October 1. A fortnight afterwards Madame Patti leaves Paris to enter upon a new Russian campaign.

**ORIGIN OF LACE MAKING.**—The origin of the art of lace-making cannot be distinctly traced: by some it has been supposed to be the same as that which is called in Latin authors the Thergian art; but this, probably, consisted rather in needlework, than in the sort of netting used in the making of bone-lace. Borders studded upon cloths and tapestry, which are mentioned by ancient writers, were a kind of lace worked with a needle; this lace is undoubtedly of much older date than that made by netting. A lace manufactory was established in Paris, under the auspices of the celebrated Colbert, in the year 1636; but this was done by the needle, and was similar to which is called point. The Germans, however, claim the honour of having invented the art of lace-making by means of the cushion and bobbins; they ascribe the invention to Barbara, the wife of Christopher Uttman, who died about the year 1575.



[ROSE.]

## FLOWERS: THEIR LANGUAGE, SENTIMENT

SYMBOLS AND INTERPRETATION.

BY PHILANTHOS.

### VOCABULARY.

**DOCK.** (*Rumex obtusifolius*.) *Patience*.

As the Broad-leaved Dock is the most common, I have taken it as the type, no particular variety being indicated in the books. Tyas, who puts it under *P.* as *Patience Dock*, evidently is in a fog as to the identity of the plant, which was the *Rumex Alpinus*, or Monk's Rhubarb, a native of Italy, a very uncommon and certainly not indigenous plant with us. It was grown in the monastery gardens, and used instead of the real rhubarb. Several other species of Dock share the qualities of the Monk's Rhubarb. The Common Dock is among the most troublesome weeds with which the farmer is pestered. It abounds in the meadow, by the wayside, in yards, neglected gardens, and elsewhere. It may be known by its broad, curled root-leaves, and from July to December it bears bunches of reddish flowers with leaves among them. Its stem is round, and from two to three feet in height. Cattle will not eat it, but fallow deer consume it greedily, and leave few of the plants in the deer park. Dock leaves are a favourite wrap for butter and cream cheese and in some parts the Broad-leaved is called the *Butter Dock*. Country children believe in the efficacy of a dock leaf applied to the sting of a nettle, the potency of the remedy being much enhanced by the repetition of the words: "Out nettle and in dock; nettle, nettle stung me." The cure of a wound was accelerated by the leaf; thus Browne:—

And softly she began to bind  
With Dock-leaves, and a slip of willow rind.

The dock is very difficult to get rid of when once

established, for every bit of the root will form a plant, however chopped up or broken, so that it may be looked upon as a triumph of *Patience* to either get rid of or endure its presence.

**DODDER.** (*Cuscuta*.) *LESSER STRANGLE-WHEED.* *Baseness, Meanness.*

"The Dodder," says Gerard, "is a strange herbe, altogether without leaves or roots, like unto three very much snarled or wrapped together confusedly, winding itself about bushes and hedges, and sondric kinds of herbes. The threads are somewhat red, upon which grow here and there little rounde heads or knops, bringing forth at the firste slender white flowers and after a small seed." The minute description of the old "chirurgion growwille of Nautwich" cannot be excelled. The Dodder, of which there are several varieties—the Greater Dodder (*Cuscuta Europæa*), which commonly twines round hops, nettles, beans, and the like; Flax Dodder (*Cuscuta Epithymum*), very injurious to flax; the pretty flesh-coloured Lesser Dodder (*Cuscuta Epithymum*), which strangles and destroys the hardy furze and cords the stems of a whole clump of thyme in a style that would puzzle the Davenport Brothers—of which variety more anon; the Clover Dodder (*Cuscuta Trifolii*); all of which I very much suspect to be originally the same parasite, varied by the constitution and juices of the victim-plant which it embraces in its python-like convolutions.

The propagation, growth, and action of the Dodder are all in exact keeping with its attributes of *Baseness* and *Meanness*. First, it is produced from seed in the ordinary way, but if its seedlings cannot find a fit support and sustenance for their vampiric-like instincts they quickly die off. Should, however, any whole-some vegetation be near enough and suitable to their growth, they twist and twine their thread-like tangles about it from left to right, or "against the sun," as the country people call it. Having thus succeeded in fixing some of the little tubercles firmly on the victim-plant, they strike a root into its substance. Then their original earth-root dies, and thenceforth the Dodder becomes a true parasite, subsisting entirely on the juices of

the supporting plant. We have seen the golden furze so laced with the threads of this little plant that their beautiful yellow flowers were strangled in the bud, and in their place the little fleshy, pink, wax-like flowers of the Dodder appeared. So thoroughly had the Dodder laced and braced up the harsh, prickly stems of the hardy broom that it was next to impossible to disentangle them, and difficult to break them away. Professor Lindley and Dr. Hooker tell us of monstrous Dadders in Afghanistan and Nepal. One of them covered a willow-tree thirty feet high, and another, in Nepal, forms a golden web of death on date-trees. In the East the powder of Dodder sprinkled on sores is highly esteemed as a heal-all.

A contributor to London's "Magazine of Natural History" gives so clear an account of the Greater Dodder, that I take the liberty of transcribing it. "This parasite can be established wherever the hop grows, by placing in the autumn a wreath of the Dodder-vine, bearing ripe capsules, on the earth, about the base of the stems of the hop. The seeds of the Dodder, escaping from their capsules, will remain upon the earth's surface during the winter, and germinate early in the ensuing spring, some days before the stems of the hop shoot forth. It will then be highly pleasing to observe the spiral convolutions of the sprouting embryo of the Dodder, convincing us that vegetable instincts are innate; for even in the seed, if examined, the embryo may be found convoluted about the central fleshy globose albumen. By the time the hop-stems have burst through the soil many of the embryos of the Dodder will have perished, but when the survivors happen to touch the hop-stem they very soon adhere, and insert other sap-sucking glands into the bark of the hop-stem, and from the date of doing this speedily change their pale aspect and feeble condition to a ruddy, healthy hue, and a state of gross luxuriance; and these latter effects are maintained through all the copious ramifications of the plant, by the branches emitting a fresh cluster of absorbing glands into the hop-stem at many of the points at which they clasp it."

And now, having said all we mean against this troublesome weed, let us note how true the sentiment which Shakespeare has so forcibly expressed:

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,  
Would men observingly distil it out.

Thus may we gather honey from the weed,  
And make a moral of the devil himself.

So with the Dodder called the Lesser Dodder (*Cuscuta Epithymum*), and by our old herbalists "Dodder of Thyme." This latter being a "hot herbe," imparts its qualities, with a modification, to the Dodder which lives on its life-blood. Drayton says:—

Here's Dodder, by whose help alone  
Old agues are removed.

"If Dodder be fresh gathered it is best," says Dr. Brook; "and it should be boiled in water with a little ginger or allspice, when the decoction works briskly as a purgative. It is also specific for obstruction of the liver, and I have found it sovereign in jaundice and many disorders arising from the like cause."

**DOG-ROSE.** (*Rosa Canina*.) *Simplicity.*—See *Rose*.

**DOGBANE.** (*Apocyanum*.) *Deceit.*

**DOGWOOD.** *Durability.*—See *Cornel-tree*.

**DRAGON-PLANT.** (*Dracontium polyphyllum*.)

**MANY-LEAVED DRAGON, or DRAGON ARUM.** A Snake.

This singular garden plant is allied to the arum. Its stalk rises about a foot high and is smooth and of a purple colour, full of spikey knobs of different colours, shiny like the scales of a snake, naked, with a tuft of leaves at top. The flower-stalk rises direct from the root, with an oblong swelling at each joint; the flowers are produced at the top of the stalk, and are covered with a spathe or hood, as in the arum. This opens on one side, and discloses the flower, of a pale yellow colour. Mr. Delamer, in his little book on the Flower Garden, speaks of its vitality in suburban gardens. He says, "Curious perennials, such as the Dragon Arum, will sometimes spring up and flower from offsets or fragments left by persons who meant to have taken away the whole root, and this after being crushed and trodden under foot for years, so as to well repay a summer's kind treatment, by sending up a stem of indorsecence which will be the wonder and admiration of half the parish. In short, with an old villa garden, cultivate it as it is, and wait for what will come up."

**DRAGONWORT.** (*Dracontium foetidum*.) *Horror.* This native of North America, known as Skunk-weed, is aptly symbolized. It, or a congener, was



known a very long time ago as Dragaunie, Dragon and Stinkwort to our old herbalists, and in the Northumberland Household-book, temp. Henry VIII., reprinted and edited by Sir Harris Nicholas, we find that it was distilled every year for household use as a medicine. Dr. Brooke says in his "Family Herbal" that "it is called Skunk Cabbage in America, on account of its very unpleasant odour, resembling their skunk or polecat, whose stink is most horrible." We agree with him that it is so, and should feel "horror" at receiving it in a floral epistle from a friend. It is, nevertheless, by no means an inelegant plant. The flowers, which come first, are variegated scarlet and yellow, and the leaves at first are rolled closely up, like a cone. It has no stem. "The root is strongly to be recommended in asthma and disorders of the chest, and I give it," says Dr. Brooke, "in doses of four to six grains to children, and to adults twenty grains. Observe, this root may be mistaken for white hellebore, or rather white hellebore may be administered for it, in which case you would give a deadly poison, so unless you have grown it yourself, don't meddle with it." It appears to have been made into a lotion or wash for sores, by the directions given in some old works.

**DRIED FLAX.** (*Linum Usitatissimum*.) Utility.—See Flax.

The botanical name, as well as the universal application of this plant in textile manufactures, warrant its interpretation as representing Utility.

(To be continued.)

## LOVE'S PERILS.

### CHAPTER XXVII

"GERARD LORRAINE," continued Gabrielli—"I see you start at that name—did not perish with the crew of the French frigate."

"What! is he safe?"

"A fisherman, named Lazaro, saved him in his boat and brought him safely to shore."

"But, alas! his life is still forfeited."

"It is; but he found a place of refuge."

"Where? Oh, I conjure you, sir, to tell me!"

"Willingly. In the house of Leona, the guardian of the relics of St. Mark."

"But she will give him up to the vengeance of the republic."

"No, it appears that she took pity on him."

"Leona! Oh, may Heaven bless her! Let me fly to her and thank her for his life—as I thank you for this intelligence."

"Hold!" cried Gabrielli, rising. "Think you that, knowing this by my spies, I would permit a rival and a traitress to elude my grasp? No—both are in my power. Leona, in the hands of my guards, awaits her trial and sentence—and Gerard Lorraine is in the Hall of Torture."

"Oh, save him! save him!" shrieked Angela, falling at the feet of Gabrielli, and clasping his knees with her hands. "You have the power—save him—save her! let me bless you and pray for you for the remainder of my days."

"Angela," replied Gabrielli, raising the suppliant. "Their lives are in your hands."

"In mine!" cried the bewildered girl.

"Yes—renounce this Frenchman—be my bride within the hour and both are free—free to go whither they list. I assume the responsibility of their pardon and liberation."

"But my faith is pledged to Gerard!" cried the tortured girl.

"You have heard my terms," said Gabrielli, coldly. "I never bade a jot of my pretensions. I give you one hour to decide. You are not a prisoner—you can pass freely from the palace of the Council—all the doors are open. But remember that here alone can you obtain pardon for those you love. Let not that hour pass unimproved—for though I can save the living I cannot raise the dead."

"Have mercy on me, Heaven!" cried Angela, "for in man I have no trust."

She pressed her hand to her heart, and left the presence of her persecutor, the door opening, as if of itself, to permit her passage.

"She will come to terms!" muttered Gabrielli, "or I know not a woman's tender heart."

He touched the bell again, and the herald, accompanied by a band of familiars of the Inquisition, led in Leona, the guardian of the relics of St. Mark.

"Leona," said Gabrielli, sternly, "know you the cause of your arrest?"

"I am ignorant of it," replied Leona. "The slaves of the Council would not inform me."

"You are accused of having sheltered an enemy of the republic."

"Well, then, I plead guilty," answered Leona. "I never stooped to secure safety by falsehood. I

did shelter a poor hunted fugitive. But he is safe and beyond your power. That knowledge enables me to endure torture and death, if you dare to inflict them."

"I congratulate you on the success of your treason, signora," said Gabrielli, sarcastically. "Your trial will soon come on, but that of another criminal precedes it. Familiars, take the accused to the Leads. And now bring in the prisoner, Gerard Lorraine!"

"Gerard Lorraine!" cried Leona, in a voice of anguish. "Is he in your power?"

"Ay, verily," replied Gabrielli. "Lorraine is awaiting our action in the Hall of Torture."

"Spare him! spare him!" shrieked Leona.

"Spare my son!"

"Your son!" cried Gabrielli, in a voice of agitation. "Better and better! The whole truth will soon come out. Away with her!"

"At least, if you have not the heart of a tiger, let me once more behold his face!"

"Drag her away!" cried Gabrielli, fiercely.

And she was torn, struggling, from the chamber.

just as Gerard was introduced by another party of masked familiars, accompanied by the two remaining members of the Council of Three.

The three judges took their seats.

"Prisoner," said Gabrielli, "your name?"

"Gerard Lorraine."

"Your birthplace?"

"France."

"You are accused of having returned to Venice after having been sentenced to banishment on pain of death. Your life is now forfeit to our laws. Are you prepared to die?"

"I demand a legal trial," answered Lorraine. "I was before sentenced unheard. I demand not only to be tried according to the ordinary usages, but that my three judges here present remove their masks and declare their names."

The members of the Council held a whispered consultation for a few minutes, at the expiration of which Gabrielli again spoke.

"Prisoner," said he, "the Council of Three condemns you to the death of a traitor. From this chamber you will be removed by the Bridge of Sighs, which no living man repasses. And now, since you wish to know who are your judges—look at me! I am Paolo Gabrielli!" and he removed his mask.

"And I," said the second councillor, following his example and unmasking, "am Jacinto Contarini."

"And I," said the third, "am Francesco Malipieri."

Gerard Lorraine produced his tablets from his pocket and commenced writing.

"Prisoner," said Gabrielli, sarcastically, "What are you doing there? Do you wish to recall our names after your death?"

"No," replied Lorraine, "but to remember them in after years."

"What!" exclaimed Gabrielli. "Dare you jest when we are about to ask your head of the executioner?"

"You are mistaken, signor," said Lorraine. "It is I who demand the heads of the Council of Three."

"What mean you?"

"I will tell you," answered Lorraine, placing his hand on his breast—"that your judge stands here, that you yourselves are the accused, and that I dare you to touch a hair of my head."

"What shall prevent us?" asked Gabrielli, haughtily.

"The knowledge," replied Lorraine, "that not one stone of Venice shall remain standing, not one of its inhabitants be suffered to exist, if you dare so much even as to insult in my person the ambassador of the French Republic."

He threw off his cloak as he spoke, and displayed a tricoloured scarf. The three inquisitors rose simultaneously, and approached him.

"Thou! an ambassador!" cried Gabrielli.

"Yes—a secret and special envoy," answered Lorraine. "But first it was necessary that I should be tried and condemned—I took the only means of discovering the three assassins whose faces have been always hidden from the world. Now that I have your names, signors, now that I have cast a ray of vengeful light into the lair of the Venetian tigers, my turn has come! Here are my credentials!" He tossed a packet of papers on the table as he spoke. "But it is enough to show you only one—this scarf—the flag of Rivoli, of Castiglione and of Arcola. This scarf I place between us"—he tore it off as he spoke and threw it on the ground—"and I defy you all, people, senate, doge and Council of Three, to profane it by a footstep, or to lay a hand upon my person."

Gabrielli, alarmed and astounded, hastily examined the papers Lorraine had thrown upon the table, and showed them to his colleagues.

"These papers are legal and incontestable," he muttered.

"Now," continued Lorraine, "which of you dared to propose the assassination of Langier—the murder of the French at Verona? Which of you ordered the execution of these atrocities? Was it by a majority, or unanimously, that you committed murder and treason? Speak! You answer not."

"Ambassador of France though you may be," said Gabrielli, "you are still amenable to the Council of Three, for violation of Venetian law."

"Ay," replied Lorraine—"and I will submit to trial by the Council of Three when the Council of Three shall have been tried by France. But, first, the will of Napoleon Bonaparte must be obeyed. The three inquisitors of state, assuming the responsibility of their acts, must repair to-morrow to the camp of the French army, unless they prefer to receive the French army in Venice."

"Insolent boaster!" said Gabrielli.

"We must deliberate," said Contarini. And the three judges resumed their seats.

"Justice must be done," said Gabrielli, after a few minutes—"for there is no human power that can arrest that of the Council of Three. A criminal is before us, but he has saved himself by pleading the privilege of an ambassador. One culprit escapes—but there remains another. Herald! bring forth the prisoner Leona."

"Leona here!" cried Lorraine.

"Ah, your mother," replied Gabrielli.

"My mother!" replied Lorraine. "These fiends, then, know all. My mother in the hand of these men! Just Heaven! what is to be done?"

In the meantime a familiar had entered the chamber, and handed a note to Gabrielli. He read it hastily, and a smile lit up his sinister countenance. The door was then opened and Leona appeared.

"Mother!" cried Lorraine.

"My son!" exclaimed the unhappy woman. They were rushing into each other's arms, when they were forcibly held apart by the familiars of the Inquisition.

"Leona," said Gabrielli, "faithless guardian of the relics of St. Mark, secret enemy of the republic, the Council of Three condemns you to death!"

"And Lorraine, my son, what of him? What fate have you reserved for him?" cried the unhappy woman, who forgot her own position in the danger of her son.

"Gerard Lorraine," said Gabrielli, without noticing the question, rising and advancing towards him, "the three inquisitors of state will wait on General Bonaparte."

In the meantime he approached Gerard and spoke so that he alone could hear.

"Thy mother dies by my decree, and Angela, my affianced, has consented to be my bride, thinking that thus only she could save thee."

"Villain! abhorred villain!" cried Lorraine.

"Herald," said Gabrielli, "conduct the ambassador of General Bonaparte hence with all the honours due his rank."

"Free, free!" cried Leona. "Heaven be praised, my child is saved!"

"Mother, mother, Angela!" exclaimed Lorraine, in tones of anguish. "This is too dreadful."

A masked familiar approached him, and whispered and gave him a missive.

The note which Gabrielli had received was from Angela. Blotted with tears and written with a trembling hand, it was scarcely legible, but the perfidious villain to whom it was addressed made out enough to know that the poor girl submitted to his wishes.

He immediately despatched a familiar of the Inquisition to bring her to his palace, where he consigned her one of the apartments in which she was kept secluded, without being allowed to hold intercourse with a single human being. Leona's execution was fixed for the next day.

After having attended to this business he rejoined his colleagues, and not without some misgivings departed with them on a mission to General Bonaparte, whose troops were then within striking distance of Venice. The envoys took with them a large amount of gold and diamonds, thinking that the young general might easily be bribed to spare the perfidious republic. But the wily Italians were foiled by the integrity of the youthful hero. He spurned their offer with scorn.

"Go back," he said, "to your doge and your senate. If you could proffer me the treasures of Venice, if you could pave your whole territory with gold, it would not atone for the blood you have treacherously spilled. The lion of St. Mark must lick the dust. Begone!"

The humbled envoys took their departure. It was fortunate for them that Gerard had not yet made his appearance in the French camp. His story might have perilled the safety of Gabrielli. The latter made his report to the senators, and they were filled with alarm. A distracted debate ensued. Danger menaced the republic from within and without; for there was a strong French party in the city. The outrages committed by the worst

part of the populace, incited by the Venetian air-tocracy, had produced a natural reaction, and there was danger that the near approach of the French would be the signal for the outbreak of a civil war.

But, having executed his task, and leaving statesmen to discuss the perils of the hour, Gabrielli repaired to his palace, and changing his dress, arrayed himself in the most sumptuous apparel. He neglected not to place in his girdle a poniard of tried temper, for he was constantly anticipating an attempt upon his life.

He then repaired to the chapel of his palace, whither his servants had already conducted his unhappy victim. Angela stood at the altar, looking more like a pale spectre than a breathing woman—still she was transcendently beautiful. The priest was ready for the ceremony, and when Gabrielli took his place, commenced the service. But at the moment when the false Venetian advanced to take the hand of his victim a side door of the chapel was thrown violently open, and Gerard Lorraine, followed by a masked familiar of the inquisition, rushed to the altar, and, seizing the bride, saved her from the grasp of Gabrielli.

"Villain," shouted the excited Frenchman. "You are foiled in the hour of your seeming triumph. Look up, dear Angela, you are saved!"

But he had no sooner uttered these words than Gabrielli drew his poniard and rushed like a madman upon Gerard. Fortunately, the latter was prepared, and drawing a pistol from his breast, discharged it point-blank at the assassin.

With a smothered imprecation upon his lips, the latter staggered and fell full length before the altar. But he raised himself upon one arm, painfully, and making a last effort, gasped out:

"I give you joy! Take your lovely bride and be happy—but forget not, in your ecstasy, that your mother, doomed by my decrees, is still warm in her grave."

"It is false," cried the familiar, advancing and bending over him. "The execution was entrusted to me, and Leona is at liberty."

He threw his mask aside as he spoke, and disclosed to the eyes of the dying man the features of Lazaro, the fisherman.

"Baffled in my vengeance!" muttered Gabrielli. "But your triumph is short-lived. France will never conquer the republic, and the Council of Three will avenge me."

"Die, false prophet!" exclaimed Lazaro, as the windows shook with the roar of artillery. "Listen to the guns of Bonaparte thundering over the lagoons. The people have risen to welcome their deliverer, and even now the French columns are moving on the Square of St. Mark."

With a choking groan of anguish Gabrielli fell back and expired.

Lazaro had spoken only the simple truth. The young victor of Italy was entering Venice with his troops. A short, fierce struggle ended the contest. The Venetians laid down their arms, the last of the dogs submitted to the conqueror, the tricolour waved on the Column of St. Mark triumphantly, and the bronze horses were destined to grace the capital of France.

Amidst the public rejoicings there were private joys to swell the general triumph.

In the suite of the conqueror were Armand de Preville, Julie and Gervase. There, too, was the Count de Claremont, whose rapturous meeting with his long-abandoned wife, Leona, and with his son, whose face he had never seen, was one of those occurrences which the pen has not the power to describe. It must be left to the imagination.

Lazaro was generously rewarded for his devotion to Lorraine, or, as we must now call him, Gerard de Claremont, for he assumed his father's name.

His services to the French Republic required recognition, and Bonaparte, as a preliminary step, placed him on his staff, with the rank of honorary captain.

These friends of ours, in whose fortunes we have endeavoured to interest our readers, accompanied the young conqueror of Italy on his return to Paris.

The union of Julie and Lorraine having been pronounced fraudulent and void by the Highest legal and ecclesiastical authority, there was now no impediment and no scruple in the way of Armand de Preville's marriage with her who had loved so long and faithfully.

At the same time the son and heir of the Count de Claremont was, with great éclat and ceremony united to Angela the Venetian. Napoleon and Josephine graced the two-fold bridal with their presence.

The Count de Claremont, with his new-found wife, took possession of the old Hôtel de Claremont in Paris, which was restored to something of its ancient splendour.

Gerard and his beautiful bride had a suite of apartments there and Gervase was attached to the establishment. There, too, an asylum was afforded

to the sadder's wife, now a widow, for her husband had been killed years before when Bonaparte suppressed the insurrection of the sections.

Roohefort and a few survivors of the Order of the Mystic Stars were always welcome guests of Gerard. The stirring scenes through which they had passed furnished inexhaustible topics of conversation.

The Marquis de Preville died on the field of battle, but not in the service of France. True to his training, he carried his sword to a foreign service and died at Austerlitz, fighting against his countrymen.

It was the fortune of Armand, by that time a general and high in the favour of Napoleon, to discover his body on the field and to see that it was consigned to the grave with honours due a gallant soldier. But the loss of one from whom he had been so long estranged was but a momentary shadow on the happiness of the younger and nobler brother.

Dernoval, the antary, attached to the army as a commissary, was detected in frauds upon the government, and was sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. He soon died in confinement, but not before he had made a full confession of his various rascalities and restored to Armand, as the sole heir of the de Preville family, a vast sum of money of which he had in former years defrauded them.

Thus, after many vicissitudes of fortune, prosperity and happiness crowned the deserts of those worthy persons whose career we have traced through the storm of revolution, the dangers of the Reign of Terror and the brilliant days of the hero whose star we leave in the ascendant.

THE END.

## FACETIE.

"Ah, miss, why should I fear your arrows when you never had a bow?"

What is the form of an escaped parrot?—A polly-gone.

You can't weigh an eel with scales, because they have no scales, you know.

"Heat generates motion." Illustration—A small boy sitting down on a hot coal.

The proverb says, a bird is known by his note, a man by his word. As some men are called "birds," we suppose they are known by their notes.

A TRAVELLER called for mint-sauce at a hotel the other day, and the waiter said that they had none, adding: "Our cook makes all the mince into pies, not sauce."

"She is a perfect Amazon," remarked a pupil of his teacher to a companion. "Yes," said the other, who was better versed in geography than history, "I noticed she had an awful big mouth."

The woman who put the kerosene can on the stove-hearth while she went out to trade with a pedlar is now keeping house in a barn, kindly loaned for the occasion.

A YOUNG man in Grass Valley commenced to read a paragraph about a mine to his sweetheart—commencing thus:—"Yuba Mine—"

when she interrupted him with, "I don't care if I do, John."

HOUSEWARMING.

"Is your house a warm one, landlord?" asked a man in search of a tenement.

"It ought to be; the painter gave it two coats recently!" was the reply.

"BOTTEN ROW ON THE EMBANKMENT."

A river row,

A new horse show,

A trot on Thames's dry way;

A ladies' ride—

And we'll bestride

No more "a silent highway."—Punch.

CHURCH PRESERVATION.

MR. GHADSTONE: "Please, 'm, is the Church of England worth preserving?"

BRITANNIA: "Worth preserving? Dear me, William, don't you know it's been in a pickle this ever so long?"—Punch.

A DILEMMA.

PARTY (overcome by the heat of the weather): "Hoy! cab!"

DRIVER: "All right, sir, if you'll just walk to the gate."

PARTY: "Oh, bother walking to gate!"

DRIVER: "Well, sir, if you can't get through, I don't see how I can get over!"

PROPHETIC.—JOLLY OLD JOE'S COMFORTER (to anxious mother with a son too many): "Surely, ma'am, and you couldn't have said a truer word, if you'd died for it—he's a right good lad, is that of your'n, an' if you mak' a sodger on him—an' it's nothing else he's fit for, so I don't deceive you—he mayn't run and he mayn't be took again if he do, an'

he mayn't grow up a disgrace an' a ruin to you—an' there's more Danks o' Wellingtons an' Boneyparties nor one—somewheres or somewheres else—if you come across 'em!"—Judy.

A LIVERPOOL chap, who, during his courtship, sent his girl some poetry beginning, "Was it a Gleam of Golden Hair," was mortified after marriage to see her hang that "gleam" over the back of a chair.

If you wish to know on how small a quantity of meat you can subsist, put up at a cheap boarding-house. There is an establishment of this kind up town where one sausage does for the whole household. The landlord eats the sausage, and the boarders smell his breath!

A LITTLE gentleman of the law, having a dispute with a remarkably bulky attorney, the big man threatened to put him in his pocket. "If you do," says Dapper, "you will have more law in your pocket than you ever had in your head."

EFFECTS OF LIQUOR.

"Bill, what brought you to prison?"

"A couple of constables, sir."

"What brought them after you?"

"Their legs, I suppose."

"And had liquor anything to do with it?"

"Yes, sir, Elizabeth said, so I had to lick her."

GOOD EATING.

A fellow bound to London went on board a steam-boat, and, almost breathless, inquired: "What's the fare to London?"

"Five shillings," was the reply.

"Well, I suppose you'll eat me for that, eh?"

"We'll find you in eating," said the captain.

"Well, cap'n a'pose I eat myself, what'll you charge?"

ONE FOR GRAMMARIANS.

MAMMA: "Oh, Alfie, you must not speak such bad grammar!"

ALFIE: "Why not?"

MAMMA: "Because incorrect grammar grates on the ear of those who speak it well."

ALFIE: "Serve them right for learning it!"—Judy.

NEAT.

The following is a very pleasant relation of a neat and touching little incident:—

"Oh, spare me, dear angel, one look of your hair!"

A bashful young lover took courage and sighed:

"Twere a sin to refuse so modest a prayer, So take the whole wig," the sweet creature replied.

ESSAY ON WOMEN.

Women are like everything else in this world—a very mixed up affair. According to our own observations there are

Women good and women bad,  
Women gay and women sad,  
Women big and women small,  
Women short and women tall,  
Women fat and women lean,  
Women sweet and women mean,  
Women young and women old,  
Women bought and women sold,  
Women poor and women rich,  
And a good many more women sish.

SELLING CHAQUEUS.

The following joke, which recently occurred, under the teetotal régime, is too good to be lost. A quick-witted toper went into a bar-room and called for something to drink.

"We don't sell liquor," said a law-abiding landlord. "We will give you a glass, and then if you want to buy a cracker, we will sell it to you for sixpence."

The "good creature" was handed down and, on turning round to depart, the unsuspecting landlord handed him the crackers, with the remark: "Don't you want a cracker?" "Well, no I guess not; you sell 'em too dear. I can get lots of 'em for a half-penny anywhere else."

DENYING THE CHARGE.—"I deny the charge," said Catherine Thomas, as she stood before the desk. "I haven't read the charge yet," replied the magistrate. "Don't make any difference—I deny it," she said, looking as determined as a grindstone. "This warrant says you were drunk in Pearl Street." "I deny the charge." "And the officer says you were brought here, being incapable of locomotion." "I deny the charge." "So does Beecher," was the reply, "but it won't help either of you very much."

INTERESTING EMIGRATION.—At a late examination of the National School at Inverary, the Inspector having desired all of the name of Campbell to hold up their hands, not one of the children responded! Can it be that, since the MacCallum More—always abreast, if not ahead of the times, whether in science, matrimonial alliance, or scorn of snobbish prejudices—put three MacCallums the Less into business, all the Campbells are coming south for situations in one of the firms of Lord A., B., C. (as the case may be) Campbell and Co.? If so, may they find, what they have a patronymic



right to claim, a fair field (campo bello) and lots of favour. If clannism are like chief, they will deserve both.—Punch.

**A DANGEROUS WEAPON.**—(Papa, whose slumber has been disturbed by Johnny, who wants gunpowder for an old Highland pistol, has told the hopeful to ask his ma for some flour.)

**JOHNNY:** "Ma says it's all your nonsense, pa."

**PAPA:** "Oh, I see, I've made a mistake; it's a Scotch pistol—ask her to give you some oatmeal."

**FAIRLY PROPORTIONED.**—LADY VISITOR (to small boy): "So your eldest brother's name is Maximilian. What do you call him?"

**BOY:** "Maxey, mam."

**VISITOR:** "And the baby—what's her name?"

**BOY:** "Minnie, mam."

**VISITOR:** "And which are the twins?"

**BOY:** "Jem an' I, of course."

**NOT TO BE CONVINCED.**—MATERFAMILIAS: "John, love, you know you said there was sure to be 'something wrong' about Dieppe, because it was foreign, and all that. Well, there can't be anything wrong, for I wrote to the agent, and I've just received a letter from him, saying there is only one apartment un-let in the whole town! Do let me telegraph and secure it at once!"

**CHORUS:** "Yes, do papa! Fancy—only one apartment un-let in the whole town!"

**MATERFAMILIAS (grimly):** "Only one apartment un-let in the whole town! Then there's sure to be something wrong about that apartment!"—Punch.

**CAUSE AND EFFECT.**—CHILD OF SUPERIOR INFORMATION: "Do you know here the wind comes from, gran'father?"

**GRAN:** "Well, I f'pect from the country, dear."

**CHILD OF S. I.:** "No, you're wrong there, gran'!"

**GRAN:** "Well, do you know?"

**CHILD OF S. I.:** "Yes, gran'father, rather; why from the windmills, do you see?"—Punch.

**A PRECOCIOUS BOY** was asked which was the greater evil of the two, hurting another's feelings or his sagas. He said the former. "Right, my dear child," said the gratified questioner, "and why is it worse to hurt the feelings?" "Because you can't tie a tag round them," exclaimed the dear child.

**LOVE PUT TO FLIGHT.**—A FEW days ago a young couple were "sighing for the knot there's no denying." They had known each other long, and though they knew each other well, one evening the gallant called upon his future bride. He had passed the previous night with a party of bachelor friends, and didn't "go home till morning." As a consequence, not even the bright eyes of his Dulcinea could drive sleep from his eyelids. He reclined upon the sofa, and suddenly dropped into the land of dreams. Heavy breathing was followed by a light snore. There was as little variation in the music as in the puffing of a high-pressure steamer. The young lady began to think of the future; then wail. She shook her sleeping lover, but he snored with renewed vigour. At last she was furious, and seizing his hair, gave it a jerk that brought him to his feet. He stammered:

"What's the matter, my—"

"Matter enough," she replied. "I shall do an old maid before I marry a man that snores. Good night!"

She left the room—the house. The young lady could not keep the secret, and the reason why the match was broken off, is now generally known among their circle of friends.

**THE ANATOMY OF A COQUETTE.**—A coquette is a female general who builds her fame on advances. A coquette may be compared to tinder, which lays itself out to catch sparks, but does not always succeed in lighting up a match. Men are perverse creatures; they fly that which pursues them, and pursue that which flies them. Forwardness, therefore, on the part of a female makes them draw back, and backwardness draws them forward. There will always be this difference between a coquette and a woman of sense and modesty—that while one courts every man, every man will court the other. When the coquette settles into an old maid it is not unusual to see her as staid and formal as she was previously versatile.

**A QUEER PEOPLE.**—During the last session, Mr Bond, an Indian surveyor, while at work in the Madras Presidency, to the south-west of the Palani Hills, managed to catch a couple of the wild folk who live in the hill jungles of the Western Ghats.

These people sometimes bring honey, wax, and sandal wood to exchange with the villagers for cloth, rice, tobacco, and betel nut, but they are very shy. The man was four feet six inches high; he had a

round head, coarse, black, woolly hair, and dark brown skin. The forehead was low and slightly retreating, the lower part of the face projected like the muzzle of a monkey, and the mouth, which was small and oval, with thick lips, protruded about an inch beyond the nose; he had short, bumpy legs, a comparatively long body, and arms that extended almost to his knees; the back just above the buttocks was concave, making the stern appear to be much protruded. The hands and fingers were dumpy and always contracted, so that they could not be made to stretch out quite straight and flat; the palms and fingers were covered with thick skin (more especially the tips of the fingers); the nails were small and imperfect, and the feet broad and thick-skinned all over. The woman was the same height as the man, the colour of the skin was of a yellow tint, the hair black, long, and straight, and the features well formed. This gnat-like occasionally eat flesh, but fed chiefly upon roots and honey. They have no fixed dwelling-places, but sleep on any convenient spot, generally between two rocks, or in caves near which they happen to be benighted.

### BURIED SECRETS.

BURIED secrets think they lie,  
Ocean wide and mountains high,  
In the caverns, in the deep—  
Where'er mortals wake or sleep.

Secrets buried out of sight,  
Yet whose ghosts return at night,  
Each a weird, unwelcome guest,  
Troubling hearts that vain would rest.

Scarce we tread a inch of ground  
But a secret may be found;  
Scarce we know a household fire,  
But some secret dwells there.

Of a wasting life we see,  
O'er which doctors disagree,  
Ah! no medicine can cure  
Secrets that men endure.

Mother-hearts are full of pain—  
Fathers seek repose in vain—  
Wives and husbands, wrought, alas!  
Hide their secrets as they pass.

Secrets buried out of sight;  
Skeletons that shun the light;  
Some that haunt the hours of sleep  
Some that make the angels weep.

Buried secrets. Think they lie,  
Ocean wide and mountains high,  
Ne'er to be unearthed to gaze  
Till the last great day of days. M. A. K.

### GEMS.

To speak truth and to do good is to resemble, in some sort, the deity we worship.

ALL severity which does not tend to increase good or prevent evil is idle.

This life is like an inn, in which the soul spends a few moments on its journey.

LIFE becomes useless and insipid when we have no longer either friends or enemies.

It is a great error for the heart to be hard up the romance which is only graceful in youth—and it is dangerous, too.

We cannot understand what we have never experienced; we need pain, we need only to teach us sympathy.

ONE man begins life with a capital and fair prospects, and in a few years is bankrupt in purse and reputation; another rises from the mass, and without means, friends or fortune, achieves success, and makes himself a name among the powerful in the world! How is this? Happily it may be that most men mistake their vocation.

SUCCESS grows out of struggles to overcome difficulties. If there were no difficulties there would be no success. If there were nothing to struggle for there would be nothing achieved. There is a hill before us, which all active spirits endeavour to mount; they run, they toil, they struggle, they rise.

**MUSIC AT HOME.**—Do all you can to cultivate musical taste in your children; let them hear as much music as possible. Invite some one who can play bright and easy music, and let children hear it. The music should be pretty, melodious and animated—no fast songs, some easy gallops or marches, and perhaps a quiet little piece or two. Make them understand that they must listen to music in silence. They are not allowed to talk while others are speaking, and they must give the same attention when any one plays or sings. By this means they will learn to

think more of music, and to appreciate it more highly. There is nothing to prevent children from taking up music as naturally as reading and writing. The notes and the alphabet should be learned at the same time. At five and six children learn to sing naturally and easily, and little songs and exercises should be mingled with the lessons of the primary reading and spelling book. Experience teaches that nearly all children who can speak may be taught to read vocal music and to sing. Some knowledge of music should form a part of every child's education. At the same time, it is evident that it is often needless to carry a child through a long course of musical study when he or she has no special aptitude for it. If they do not care for it, let them study it enough to understand its general principles, and then, unless they voluntarily express a desire to pursue its study, let them give it up.

### STATISTICS.

**IRISH STATISTICS.**—From the report of the Commissioners of Public Works (Ireland) for 1874-75, just issued, it appears that under the Landlord and Tenant Acts, 1870 and 1872, 33 and 34 Vic. c. 46, and 45 and 36 Vic. c. 82, the number of applications received during the year ending the 31st of March, 1875, was seventy-nine; the sum issued by the Board in that period being 46,285*l.*, with the amounts advanced in previous years make a total of 438,340*l.* advanced to tenants to aid them in purchasing their holdings. The greater number of the purchases in aid of which loans have been granted were made in the Landed Estates Court, under the 45th section of the Act of 1870. Under the 44th section of that Act, where the purchase is made by agreement between landlord and tenant, confirmed by special order of the Court, there have been, since the commencement, only eight loans, amounting to 40,471*l.*, two of which, amounting to 36,621*l.*, were granted during the past financial year. Under the amending Act of 1872, sec. 1 and sub sec. 3, when the sale of the holding takes place by agreement between landlord and tenant, without any proceedings in the Court, the Board have made advances to thirty-one tenant-purchasers, the sums advanced amounting to 15,833*l.* Eight of these came within the past year, the sums advanced in respect of them amounting to 6,010*l.* From a schedule showing the number of cases in which advances have been made to tenants for the purchase of their holdings, stating the amount of the purchase-money, the sum advanced by the Board, the number of acres purchased, with the annual rent and valuation of the same up to the 31st of March, 1875, it appears that the gross total of applicants has been 412; the amount of purchase-money, 400,535*l.* 14*s.* 4*d.*; the amount advanced, 235,350*l.*; the amount of land, 29,235 acres, 2 roods, 3*q.* perches; annual rent, 10,004*l.* 6*s.* 9*d.*; and tenement valuation, 14,532*l.* 2*s.*

### MISCELLANEOUS.

It is remarked that inundations at Toulouse seem to be periodical. They occurred in 1815, 1835, and 1855.

A BOLL of Bank Notes, value 800*l.*, was last week lost by a lady at the office of the Quatre-Augmentation Fund.

The fine picture of "King Charles the Second going to the Parliament Houses after the Restoration" has been purchased by the Queen.

PWLLHILL has this year been selected as the locale for the National Welsh Eisteddfod, which is to occupy four days of the last week in August.

The Greek Archaeological Society is at last beginning to take down the great Venetian tower, called "the tower of Acciaiuolo," which obstructs a gross part of the Propylæa on the Acropolis.

The finest example of a living sturgeon may be seen at the Manchester Aquarium. It is over 8ft. long and of extraordinary girth. The specimen was brought to the fish-writer at Morecambe Bay, and was with difficulty secured and safely transported to Manchester.

**LONG AND SHORT LIFE.**—The man who lives abstemiously, who avoids all stimulants, takes light exercise, never overtaxes himself, indulges in no exhausting passions, feeds his mind and heart on no exciting material, has no debilitating pleasures, lets nothing ruffle his temper, is sure, barring accidents, to spin out his life to the longest limit which it is possible to attain; while he who incessantly feeds on high-seasoned food, whether material or mental, fatigues his body or brain by hard labour, exposes himself to inflammatory diseases, seeks continual excitement, gives loose rein to his passions, frets at every trouble, and enjoys but little repose, is burning the candle at both ends, and is sure to short his days.

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## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**BLUE BELL.**—We cannot insert your advertisement in the form in which it is written.

**SALLIE KENNEDY.**—Unless the husband ever in any way acknowledge any liability he cannot be sued for any debts contracted by the wife prior to her marriage.

**VIOLET.**—It is related of the celebrated General Montecuculi that he ordered an omelet on Friday; but being hungry desired to have some bacon sliced in it. A thunderstorm came in, and a loud clap was heard just as the dinner was served. The general took up the dish, threw the contents out of the window, and, facing the thunder, exclaimed with a strange mixture of defiance and superstition, "Voilà bien du bruit pour une omelette!"

**BLACK PRINCE.**—The age and measurement of recruits for the British Light Cavalry regiments are not fixed with rigid uniformity. About the age of twenty is a good time of life for a youth to join. Five feet seven inches is a good average height, and thirty-nine or forty inches round the chest is perhaps a trifle above the average measurement in that direction. The measure should be passed underneath the clothing.

**ADOLE.**—The last words of this patriotic monarch are memorable for the noble moral for kings which they contain. "I have aimed at justice," said he to those around him; "but what king can be certain that he has always followed it? Perhaps I have done much evil of which I am ignorant. Frenchmen, who now hear me, I address myself to the Supreme Being and to you. I find that kings are happy but in this—that they have the power of doing good."

**X. Y. Z.**—In the tenth century there was a prevalent, nay almost universal idea, that the end of the world was approaching. Many charters began with these words: "As the world is now drawing to its close." An army marching under the Emperor Otto I. was so terrified by an eclipse of the sun, which it conceived to announce this consummation, as to disperse hastily on all sides. As this notion seems to have been founded on some confused theory of the Millennium, it died away when the seasons proceeded to the eleventh century with their usual regularity.

**THOMAS.**—A poor Macedonian soldier was one day leading before Alexander a mule laden with gold for the king's use; the beast being so tired that he was not able either to go or sustain the load, the mule-driver took it off and carried it himself with great difficulty a considerable way. Alexander, seeing him just sinking under the burden and about to throw it on the ground, cried out, "Friend! do not be weary yet; try and carry it quite through to thy tent, for it is all thy own."

**JOE.**—The piety of Dr. Johnson, in some instances, bordered on superstition. He was willing to believe in a preternatural agency, and thought it not more strange that there should be evil spirits than evil men. Even the question about second sight held him in suspense. "Second sight," says Mr. Pennant, "is a power of seeing images impressed on the organs of sight by the power of fancy, or on the fancy, by the disordered spirits operating on the mind. It is the faculty of seeing spectres or visions which represent an event actually passing at a distance or likely to happen on a future day. In 1771 a gentleman, the last who was supposed to be possessed of this faculty, had a boat at sea in a tempestuous night, and being anxious for his freight, suddenly started up and said his men would be drowned, for he had seen them before him with wet garments and dripping locks. The event corresponded with his disordered fancy. And thus," continues Mr. Pennant, "a disordered imagination, clouded with anxiety, may make an impression on the spirits, as persons troubled and restless with indignation see various forms and figures while they lie awake in bed."

**ABUNDANCE PRODUCE FOR SOCIETY.**—The author of a speech, sermon or lecture has no copyright in his words, unless he takes means to protect himself under the statute 3 and 6 Will. IV., c. 63. A hearer may generally give as good an account of such discourses as he can, provided he is careful not to trespass upon the author's published version of the same matter. By the above statute it is enacted that a lecturer who wishes to secure to himself the sole liberty of publishing his lecture must give a written notice of his intention to deliver the said lecture to two justices living within five miles of the place where it is proposed that the lecture shall be delivered, and such notice must be given two days before the lecture is delivered. The above Act also contains a special provision as to lectures delivered in a university or public school or college, or on any public foundation, or by any individual in virtue of any gift, endowment or foundation. 2. Amateur dramatic entertainments may be lawfully given in a schoolroom or other similar place which is not licensed. Such places do

not come within the provisions of the Act for regulating theatres, simply because they are not kept or devoted for the public performance of stage plays. The persons also who act in these amateur entertainments do not incur any penalties imposed by the said Act because they do not act for hire. The Westminster School boys annually act, as amateurs, in an unlicensed building. 3. Your handwriting is remarkably good; it is suitable for any purpose for which handwriting is required. 4. The custom of tolling a bell at a fixed hour in the evening, which still prevails at many places, is usually thought to have originated in the practice of ringing the curfew bell, which practice, however, was abolished as long ago as the year 1300, that is in the reign of Henry I. Whatever such tolling of a bell may now mean, whether at that signal certain gates are required to be closed, as you say certain servant maids are required to be indoors, it certainly does not signify, as the curfew did, that at its ringing all lights and fires should be extinguished. 5. Consult the Editor of "The Lithographer" on the subject—the journal is published by Messrs. Wyman and Sons. 6. The copyright in engraving lasts for the term of twenty-eight years, commencing from the day of first publishing thereof. It might be said that the Act does not prohibit a copy of such engraving made in crayons and by hand, because the terms of the prohibition extend only to engraving, etching, lithography, or any other mechanical process by which prints or impressions of drawing are capable of being multiplied indefinitely. But if this is so, crayon drawings of comparative recent pictures, etc., must be prohibited by the more recent statute, 25 and 26 Vict., c. 63. This Act declares in reference to paintings, drawings and photographs, that the exclusive right of copying, engraving, reproducing and multiplying them by any means shall belong to the author, being a British subject or resident within the dominions of the Crown, for the term of his life and seven years after his death. It would thus appear that crayon copies of the artist's paintings to whom you allude cannot just now be legally sold without the permission of the proprietor of the copyright.

**THE SHEPHERD'S VOICE.**  
A wolf—not in the least alarmed—  
To meet a shepherd quite unarmed—  
Addressed him in a civil way,  
With, "Tell me now, my friend, I pray,  
(For truly I would like to know)  
Why wolves by men are hated so?  
I see no reason, I protest,  
Why you should deem me such a pest!  
Redeem a bit, and on my word,  
You'll own your spite is most absurd.  
My skin—you need not be so bold—  
Protects you from the wet and cold,  
And guards you also, in your case,  
Against a thousand stinging seas;  
My claws are potent to defy  
The mischief of the evil eye,  
Nor need you feel the least alarm,  
D-dressed by this counter-charm;  
O' bristles, too, my fat is bristled  
To work, 'tis known, a ready cure—"  
"Enough!" the shepherd said, "enough!  
Too long I've heard this silly stuff.  
Suppose your boastful words were true,  
We owe no gratitude to you.  
Grant that you serve some useful end,  
'Tis vastly more than you intend,  
And, judging by that simple test,  
You're but a wicked wolf at best;  
Moreover, it is plainly true,  
No good is left on earth for you:  
"Be clear, by what yourself have said,  
You're good for naught till you are dead!"

**MORAL.**  
How many men we find  
Whose benevolence call to mind  
The boastful wolf! who never give  
A thought to mercy while they live,  
But after death, by lucky chance,  
Some useful purpose may advance.  
No thanks to them—whose living will  
Delighted but in doing ill! J. G. S.

**W. M. W.**, a seaman in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with a young lady with a view to matrimony.

**JOSEPH**, twenty-five, rather tall, nice looking, would like to correspond with a young lady; she must be domesticated.

**EMILIA**, twenty-three, tall and fair, wishes to correspond with a respectable dark young man; a carpenter preferred.

**MAC**, nineteen, medium height, fair complexion, would like to correspond with an amiable young lady with a view to matrimony; she must be good tempered and loving.

**J. E. H. S.**, twenty-one, light curly hair, handsome features, and has an income of 300*l.*, wishes to correspond with a loving and accomplished young lady with an income.

**ROLAND**, a clerk, twenty, tall, fair, considered very good looking, and has an excellent future before him, wishes to correspond with a nice looking, quiet young lady.

**BLISSFUL**, nineteen, wishes to correspond with a respectable young man not twenty-five; she is fond of home, domesticated, and refined, but has no money, and is a bit short.

**VERITAS**, a gentleman, twenty-five, in the medical profession, would like to correspond with a young lady about twenty-three with a view to matrimony; some means desirable.

**LEICESTER DODSON**, a railway clerk, wishes to correspond with a respectable young lady about twenty or thereabouts. **E. D.** is twenty-two, 5*ft.* 9*in.*, and is considered handsome by his friends.

**EMILY A. B.** wishes to correspond with a tall, dark gentleman in a comfortable position; she is rather tall, fair complexion, dark hair and blue eyes, considered good looking, age about twenty, and would make a loving wife.

**JUAN**, twenty-three, 5*ft.* 8*in.*, fresh complexion,

brownish gray eyes, brown hair, considered not bad looking, wishes to correspond with a young woman with a view to matrimony; she must be fond of home and music; a blonde preferred.

**RICARDO**, twenty-two, 5*ft.* 9*in.*, fresh complexion, eyes blue, fair hair and considered good looking by his comrades, wishes to correspond with a young lady with a view to marriage; she must be good looking and fond of home.

**LIZZIE** and **EDITH**, two friends, wish to correspond with two young men with view to marriage. "Lizzie" is nineteen, tall, with dark hair and eyes and fine figure. "Edith," eighteen, dark, with blue eyes, medium height; both will have money on their marriage.

**SAM FOREMAN THE BLOCK**, a seaman in the Royal Navy, 5*ft.* 7*in.*, dark, good looking, wishes to correspond with a young lady with a view to matrimony; respondent should be about twenty, medium height, fair, good looking, good tempered, and fond of home.

**BLANCHE**, twenty-two, tall, fair, and very good tempered, would like to correspond with a gentleman with a view to matrimony; she has a good home and a little money; a city gentleman preferred.

**MARIA** wishes to correspond with a gentleman with a view to matrimony; a tall one preferred. She is five, medium height, fair, thoroughly domesticated, and very good tempered.

**LIZZIE E.** would like to correspond with a gentleman with a view to matrimony; he must have an income sufficient to support a wife comfortably; she would like him to be tall, dark and amiable. "Lizzie" is twenty-five, medium height, fair, thoroughly domesticated, and very good tempered.

**FORGET-ME-NOT** and **VIOLET**, two friends, would like to correspond with two dark young men with a view to matrimony; respondents should be rather tall, of good connections, and fond of home, age from twenty-six to twenty-eight. "Forget-me-not and Violet" are of medium height, of loving disposition, and domesticated.

**PUNOMBLATT** and **ROBERT**, two seamen in Her Majesty's Navy, wish to correspond with two ladies with a view to matrimony. They are of a medium height and both very intelligent. Each is twenty-two. The ladies must be from eighteen to twenty, domesticated and fond of home.

**LOVELY TOM** and **EXTRASTRANGE BILL**, two seamen in Her Majesty's Navy, wish to correspond with two young ladies with a view to matrimony. Each twenty-four; they are of medium height and good looking. The ladies must be from twenty to twenty-two, amiable tempered and of a loving disposition.

## COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.

**ACHILLES** by—"Bluebell," nineteen, short, dark, not pretty, but loving and well educated, is poor but domesticated and refined.

**E. J. A.** by—"James P.," a widower of means sufficient to keep him, age suitable, has one child 3 years old.

**ARTHUR**, an Irishman, by—"Joanett," nineteen, hard eyes, dark brown hair, educated, well-connected and is sure she would make his home happy.

**FRED B.** by—"Emmie," seventeen, fair, considered very good looking, and is highly respectable and accomplished.

**GALVINGTON HALL** by—"Hallie," who is 5*ft.* 7*in.*, considered handsome, can play guitar and piano, has a good voice, is domesticated, and will make a loving wife.

**LOVELY ELLEN D.** by—"Frank," a sailor, twenty-three, well educated and affectionate, and considered good looking.

**FUNNY JIM M. C.** by—"E. C." who is the age desired, very fair, and of a loving disposition; has a knowledge of housekeeping, and would make a loving wife.

**T. E. F.** by—"E. G.," who is nineteen, dark complexion and loving disposition, with a knowledge of housekeeping.

**MARY** by—"Theodore," twenty-two, 5*ft.* 6*in.*, fair complexion, considered handsome; thinks she is all his requires.

**S. H.** by—"Nelly," who thinks she would suit him; she is tall, dark and good looking, would make a good wife; she is respectable and domesticated and can make a shilling go as far as two.

**ACHORA** by—"Lilla," belonging to the respectable working class. "Lilla" is not a widow, and thinks "Achora" is just the sort of a man she would try to make happy.

**JOHN H.** by—"Margaret P.," eighteen, respectably connected, light brown hair, dark gray eyes, is very loving, and a good housekeeper; her mother being dead she has kept her father's house for three years; and by—"E. M.," who thinks she could meet all his wishes.

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